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HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 42, No. 10, March 2016. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly and twice in September by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

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The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is December 1, 2015.

Cover photo by Digital Desire

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PARALYSIS IN WASHINGTON

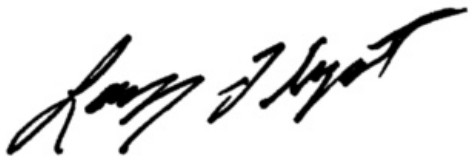
There is no question that Washington, D.C., has become one big dysfunctional family. Rated by legislation passed, the current Congress is on track to be the least productive since World War II. A poll in 2013 judged cockroaches and hemorrhoids more popular than Congress. The partisan gridlock tightens as urgent problems go unaddressed, snowballing into bigger problems in the future.

History tells us that the current paralysis is not unprecedented, but it is the worst since 1879, according to Nolan McCarty, Keith Poole and Howard Rosenthal, authors of *Polarized America*. In the 20th century, they documented a trend of increasing harmony between the parties from the Great Crash of 1929 until the mid-'70s—then increasing polarization until the present day. Cockroaches and hemorrhoids.

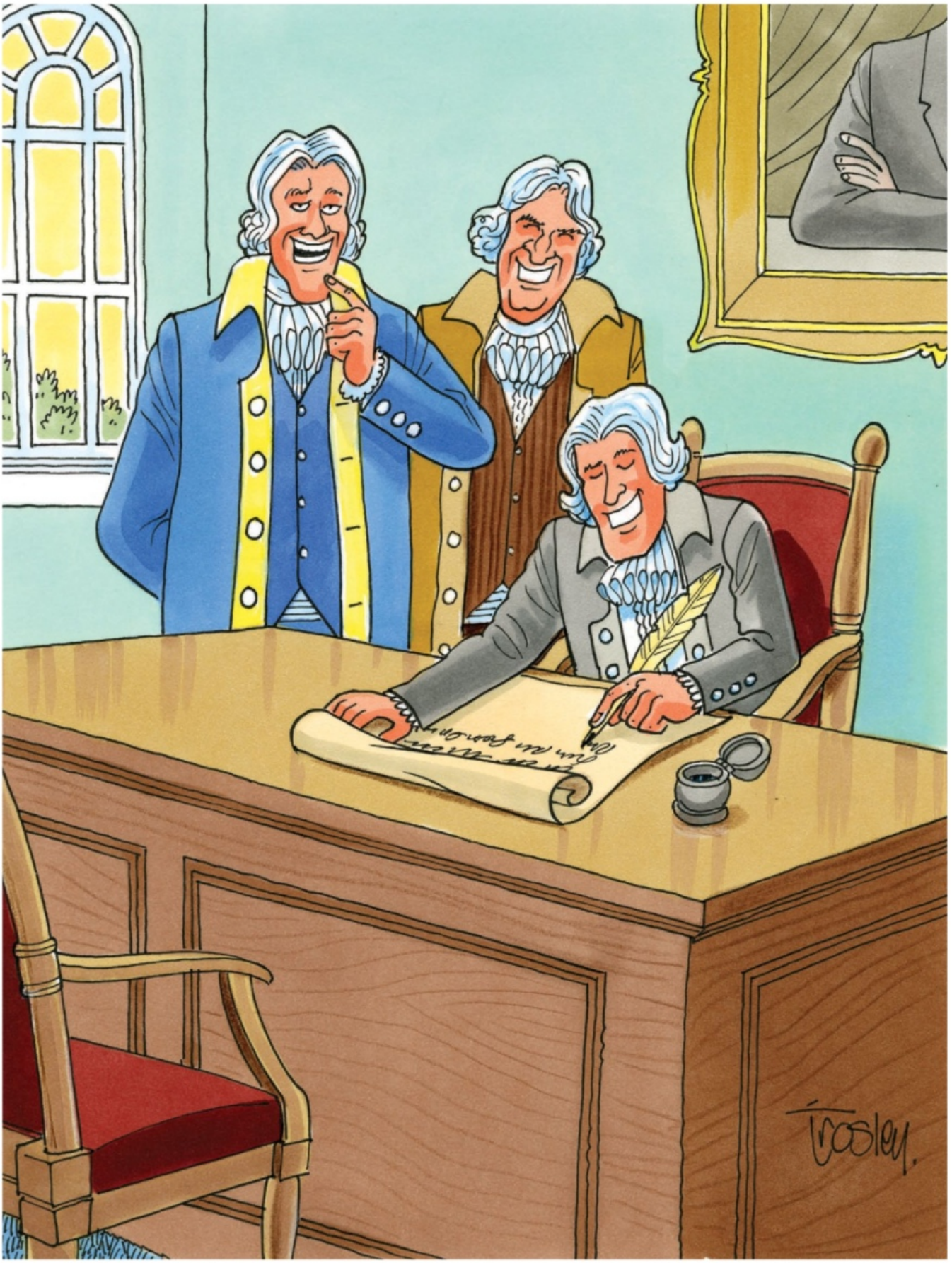
The turning point in the '70s coincided with another trend: increasing income inequality, now also at a peak, along with record campaign spending. The flood of big money has made politicians beholden to the increasingly rigid ideology of their big donors—think Sheldon Adelson and the Koch brothers—and less willing to compromise.

Republicans have become much more conservative, and thus we have the obstructionism of the Tea Party: voter suppression schemes, shutting down the federal government when it can't get its way legislatively and Republican governors denying their citizens health insurance via Obamacare. The Tea Party believes that any compromise is giving succor to the enemy, the very existence of the federal government is evil (unless it follows their bidding), and science, facts and evidence should never get in the way of ideological purity. Much of the GOP's opposition is just reflexive partisanship to please a fanatical base driven into a frenzy by radio shock jocks—Rush Limbaugh and his ilk—who savage any Republican making a reasonable deal on the Hill.

So how do we get over this impasse? Vote. Since 1986, 49% to 57% of registered voters have participated in Presidential elections. But turnout for midterm elections over that same period of time has only been 36% to 39% and *always* favors conservatives. Polls show that a majority of Americans back progressive policies by substantial margins, but many of them are just not voting. If we all voted in higher numbers, especially in midterm elections, the gridlock would be broken. So the next time ballots are due, do not neglect your civic duty, and make sure that your friends and relatives don't either.



Larry Flynt
Publisher



"Yes, I like that—'guaranteeing freedom, justice and cheaply available handguns'!"

RIGGED GAME

THE FILTHY RICH BANKROLL POLITICAL CANDIDATES WHO MAKE THE RULES AND MAKE THEM RICHER.

Sometimes the reality you encounter is so mind-numbingly depressing that it leaves you not wanting to go on even thinking about the subject at hand. Three "bummers" that come to mind are a horrible disease with no cure in sight, the proliferation of nuclear weapons to rogue dictators and the endless stupidity of gun violence as a mockery of the intent of the Second Amendment.

But even worse for the survival of our democracy is the suddenly pervasive venality and futility of America's Presidential elections, thanks to the corrupting influence of big money unleashed by the U.S. Supreme Court's infamous *Citizens United* decision. The legalization of political bribery on such a grand scale represents the most destructive attack yet on the Founding Fathers' brave experiment in participatory governance.

Take this factoid introducing a recent *New York Times* article: "Just 158 families have provided nearly half of the early money for efforts to capture the White House" in 2016. That's a smaller number than the group taunting me online about the dismal prospects for the Los Angeles Lakers burdened by Kobe Bryant's decline. We are a nation of 321 million diverse people struggling to get by, and 158 families get to decide the Presidential nominations?

Think about it. Our attention has focused on a clown car of Republican candidates, most of whom can't rise above single-digit polling. But these woeful Presidential wannabes get invited to prime-time debates because a few backers can shell out unlimited loot to push their own selfish ideas into the national spotlight.

The superrich want to cut their already-low capital-gains taxes while reducing what they call "entitlement programs," meaning the Social Security and Medicare programs that ordinary people pay for throughout their lives. The superrich distract us from their true intent by demonizing Planned Parenthood, the historically significant birth-control organization that the Bush family and other Republicans were once proud to support.

Or they suddenly decide to bash immigrants just when it looks as if a bipartisan Congress has compromised on providing a path to legal status for the nearly 12 million hardworking folks with imperfect documents, many of whom arrived here as kids decades ago and have scant memory of another homeland.

Some of the buffoons on the campaign trail, most notably Donald Trump, have enough of their own money to appear President-worthy. Much more typical are the hopefuls whose outsized ambitions are only made seemingly plausible with donations from a few megabuck benefactors.

Like Texas Senator Ted Cruz, they claim to be Tea Party populists speaking on behalf of a long-suffering middle class. But actually they are just shameful mouthpieces for affluent folks trying to pocket even more moolah from the government by way of favorable trade deals and tax breaks. When Cruz first stepped into the ring, he received most of his funding from a pair of financial hustlers specializing in private-equity and hedge-fund investing at a ridiculously low tax bracket.

As the aforementioned *New York Times* article pointed out, "Since 1979...the one-tenth of 1 percent of American taxpayers who work in finance have roughly quintupled their share of the country's income." That's because they pay ridiculously lower taxes thanks to carried interest and other breaks that the politicians they own legislated into the system. For example, one of the hedge-fund billionaire donors, Kenneth C. Griffin, rakes in $68.5 million a month after taxes according to divorce papers filed by his wife. Griffin, who contributed $2.5 million alone to an Illinois gubernatorial candidate, is further proof that a burgeoning billionaires club is dominating what passes for democracy in the Land of the Free.

Yes, the Democrats are also in this game. But of the 158 wealthy families cited by the *Times*, 138 backed Republicans, and only 20 contributed to the Democrats. Face it: Our elections are simply a farce in which self-serving fat cats get to throw a loaded set of dice, and the rest of us pathetically hope they will roll craps. H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*

ALL ARE WELCOME IN
THIS HOUSE OF THE LORD
EXCEPT FOR ARABS,
JEWS, AFRICAN-AMERICANS,
HOMOS AND MOST DEMOCRATS
J. BILLETTE

EXXON'S BIG SECRET

THE OIL GIANT KNEW ABOUT THE PERILS OF CLIMATE CHANGE, BUT CHOSE TO FINANCE THE "DENIAL" HOAX.

Every 2016 Republican Presidential candidate is a climate-change denier or skeptic. Apparently, for them, it's easier to ignore evidence of the greatest threat facing humanity than it is to run for the highest office in the land without funding from the ruthless profiteers jeopardizing the future of our planet.

The GOP clown car climate claptrap is well known. Less so, however, is the fact that the fossil fuel industry—including ExxonMobil, one of the most profitable corporations in the history of civilization—knew full well, decades ago, that the consumption of its products was releasing dangerous amounts of greenhouse gases, especially carbon dioxide, into the atmosphere.

According to internal documents and interviews with former employees, Exxon was aware of fossil fuels' role in climate change back in the 1970s! The company, which merged with Mobil in 1999, proceeded to explore the potential impact of global warming. But then Exxon turned tail, deciding it was better for the bottom line to spend millions to obscure what its own scientists had discovered.

After a recent eight-month investigation, the Pulitzer Prize-winning *InsideClimate News* delivered a blockbuster report. In 1978 an Exxon senior scientist warned that "a doubling of the carbon dioxide (CO_2) concentration in the atmosphere would increase average global temperatures by 2 to 3 degrees Celsius (4 to 5 degrees Fahrenheit), and as much as 10 degrees Celsius (18 degrees Fahrenheit) at the poles." The warming would ultimately induce torrential rainfall and unstoppable sea rise and turn some areas into deserts.

The scientist later noted, "Man has a time window of five to ten years before the need for hard decisions regarding changes in energy strategies might become critical."

By 1982 Exxon's corporate primer on CO_2 and climate change—marked "not to be distributed externally"—acknowledged that "major reductions in fossil fuel combustion" would be required to head off planetary disaster. Without that, the warning explained, "there are some potentially catastrophic events that must be considered.... Once the effects are measurable, they might not be reversible."

At the time, Exxon took its science seriously. Neela Banerjee—coauthor of the *InsideClimate News* report—told me, "In the '70s and '80s they really wanted to be seen as a leader in climate research because they understood the implications of climate change for their business as a fossil fuel producer. They thought that the best way to shape whatever policies would emerge to limit fossil fuel emissions was do really good science and have a seat at the table. That's obviously different from the approach they started taking in 1989."

Exxon suddenly abandoned efforts to not be "wedded to oil and gas." While striving to become "a diversified energy company," Exxon invested in nuclear power plants and solar energy. It also developed the first lithium-ion batteries, which would, among other things, go on to power today's low-emissions hybrid vehicles.

By the late '80s and early '90s, Banerjee recalled, executives who signed off on Exxon's CO_2 work got older and retired, and its new CEO, Lee Raymond, "convinced himself that he had the knowledge to understand atmospheric science, and he thought it was all a hoax.... Raymond in the 1990s derides the very type of climate science his company was engaged in in the '70s and '80s."

Exxon began secretly funding an "independent" cottage industry built on muddying the consensus waters of climate science to make it less than clear, debatable, simply wrong or, worse, a scam meant to make money for others. Al Gore? Greenpeace? That part was never defined, but there was no need.

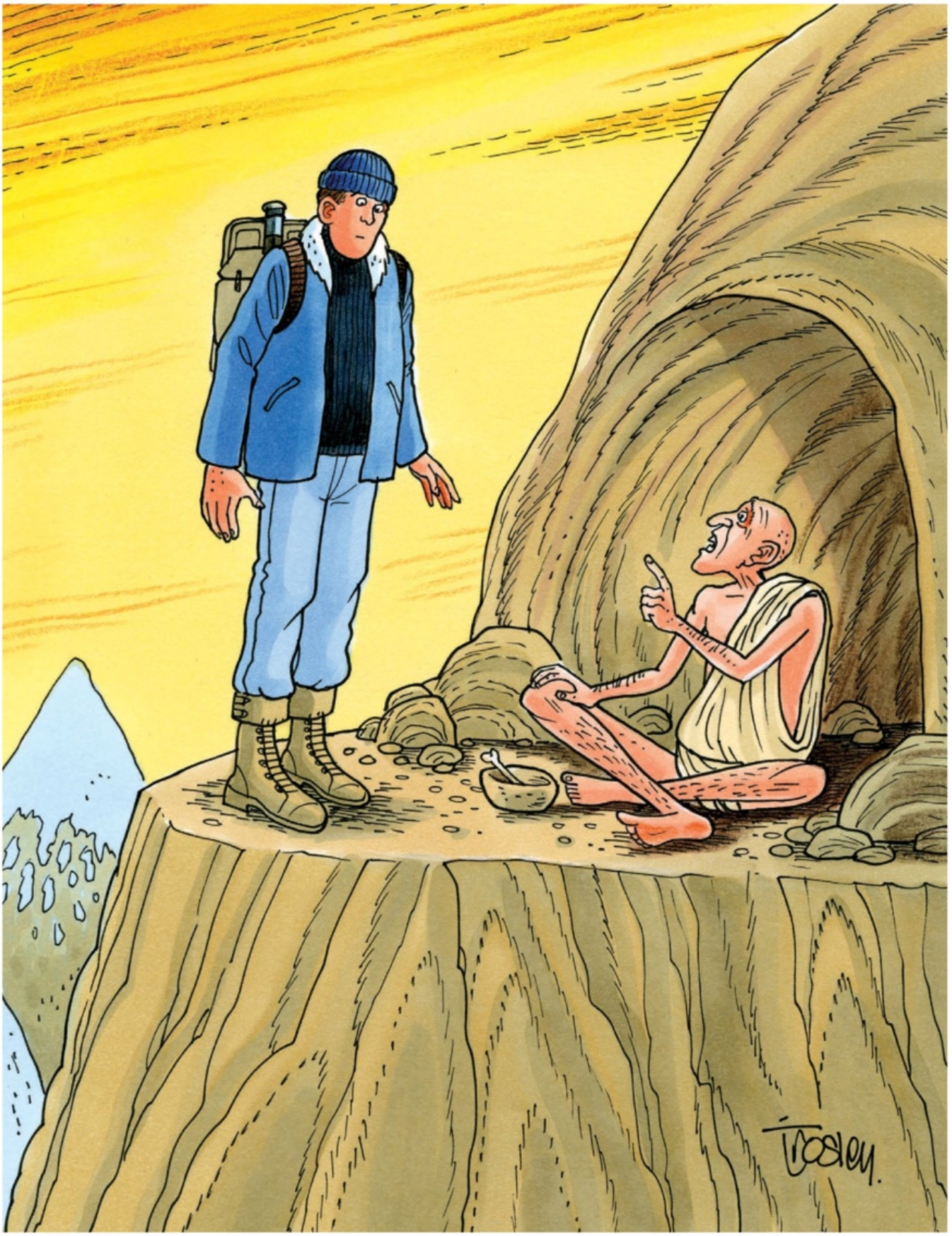
"As the science grew more certain in the '90s," *InsideClimate News* reported, "Exxon kept cherry-picking quotes from scientists to say that there was too much that was unclear to warrant enormous action on cutting back fossil fuels.... Exxon, the Koch brothers and others funded an entire infrastructure that manufactured doubt and misinformation about climate." They bankrolled a worldwide hoax suggesting climate science itself was a hoax.

The denial movement eventually got a helping hand from the U.S. Supreme Court. Its *Citizens United* ruling allowed corporations to spend as much on political campaigns as they liked. Lo and behold, the Republican Party—which, like Exxon, was once alarmed by the threat of global warming and considered doing something about it—became a fully sponsored arm of the petrochemical industry's disinformation campaign.

But, as we now know, Exxon knew it was a scam all along. Like the GOP, the company no longer cares about what's at stake. Short-term profits and the power of political office trump all—even the survival of mankind. H

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, national radio host, political commentator, muckraker, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).

WOW! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE HE'S A REPUBLICAN. HE'S BEEN SITTING THERE FOR TEN MINUTES AND HASN'T SAID ANYTHING CRAZY, RACIST OR RIDICULOUS!
WINNERS



"The first thing you must do is totally detach yourself from reality.
Go home and join the Republican Party."

One of the Tea Party's new young guns in Congress, Representative Mark Meadows—elected in 2012 from North Carolina—launched a radical insurgency against the Republican old guard last summer with a move to depose House Speaker John Boehner. Meadows and his fellow bomb throwers believed Boehner and the GOP leadership were just not conservative enough, too prone to compromise with Democrats—or with the will of Americans in general.

The young guns were elected to turn back the clock to those "happy days" when women had to get abortions from a back-alley quack with a coat hanger, millions of Americans had no life-saving health insurance, the filthy rich paid almost no taxes and God blessed America only because our Congress critters prayed daily—usually while fucking their secretaries.

Boehner did resign eventually. Then Meadows, and the so-called Freedom Caucus (Tea Party stalwarts) torpedoed Boehner's replacement nominee, Kevin McCarthy, also for not being righteously backward enough. They want a champion who will somehow ramrod through an evangelical Christian version of Sharia law. Enter Paul Ryan.

"They're not legislators; they're just assholes," said one senior GOP Congressional aide about the Freedom Caucus. "These guys have such a minority mind-set that the prospect of getting something done just scares them away, or pisses them off."

The Affordable Care Act (ACA), modern maternity care and the rights of the child would be abolished in Meadows' reactionary utopia. He has questioned why the ACA should cover maternity care, because it's something that many of us—men, women after menopause or prepubescent girls—"may never use." Here's a clue, Marky Malarkey: You "used" a womb and a vagina when you were dumped onto this world, even though you yourself will never give birth.

And it must have been a traumatic delivery, as Meadows' brain cannot process the simplest principle of insurance: We collectively pay for some benefits we will never use, or hope to never use, for the security of all of us. Why should health insurance cover dementia or osteoporosis when a lot of folks are going to die young? Or testicular cancer if you're a woman paying in? Or pediatric care if you're no longer sucking your thumb? Did the doc have to use those forceps like blacksmith's tongs to noodle you out of the womb?

In 2013 Meadows spearheaded the desperate shutdown of the federal government in order to defund the ACA. Now he wants to demolish Planned Parenthood (PP), after activists from the antiabortion group Center for Medical Progress supposedly recorded some PP staffers talking about providing fetal tissue for medical research. Several state and federal investigations have found that Planned Parenthood violated no laws or even moral standards, and the video has been proven to be deceptively edited. Still the young guns are using the "scandal" to defund PP, supposedly in order to save taxpayers money. Talk about penny-wise and pound-foolish. Twenty-five percent of all U.S. hospitalizations are a consequence of pregnancy and childbirth. By providing subsidized contraceptive advice, blood tests, immunizations and maternity checkups to mothers who cannot otherwise afford it, healthier children are born, lessening the burden of state support for the chronically ill or disabled.

MARK MEADOWS

The United States is one of a handful of nations that still provides no compensated maternity leave, and thanks to Meadows and pals, we are also one of the few holdouts to ratify the U.N. Convention on the Rights of the Child. The convention would internationally outlaw sex trafficking of minors, conscription of child soldiers, child slave labor and forced marriages—and uphold the right to an education. But in Meadows' mind, this somehow jeopardizes the precious "parental rights" of fundamentalist Christian Americans, so the horrific exploitation of children around the world must be ignored.

He wants to spend a whopping $110 million per year on abstinence education, which is about as effective as training crocodiles not to gnaw on raw meat. In a media age with free Internet porn available 24/7 on their ubiquitous smartphones, teenagers with raging hormones are going to listen to this twaddle and wear chastity belts? We're not living in Queen Victoria's empire, Marky—join the modern world. You want to prevent more abortions? Then prevent more teen pregnancies with effective contraception. They're going to fuck whether you like it or not.

So far, Meadows' main legislative accomplishment is the Eliminating Pornography From Agencies Act, proposed in reaction to some bored EPA official caught surfing porn sites on the job. Nothing like grandstanding about some sexual peccadillo to get the fundamentalist base all atwitter. Granted, federal officials shouldn't be doing that on the taxpayers' nickel, but what the hell—if our head honchos in the Capitol spent more time whacking off to porn, maybe it would cure their hard-on for launching an endless series of bloody, costly, disastrous military adventures overseas. We're already $1.7 trillion in the hole for our Middle East interventions, and what lasting successes do we have to show for it? Zilch.

Yet Meadows vows that he "will never support harmful cuts to military spending in order to fund costly, liberal, big government programs," even as the U.S. accounts for close to half of global spending on weapons and warfare. No, sir, federal spending that heals people is obscene, but costly government programs that kill people (225,000 deaths so far in the futile War on Terror) is just what Jesus Christ ordained!

On preserving Social Security, Meadows has earned a score of 0% from the Alliance for Retired Americans. And during a time when the income of the top 1% has skyrocketed while middle-class wages stagnate, he wants to implement a regressive single-rate tax system, repeal recent hikes in capital gains and death taxes, and lower corporate taxes. The reigning oligarchy is not fat enough, so let's ladle out more gravy to Wall Street hedge fund billionaires!

Meadows was the subject of some bad publicity in October of last year, when it was revealed that he may have violated House ethics rules by continuing to pay an aide for six months after numerous allegations of sexual harassment were lodged against that aide. Therein lies a curious saga. The aide, Kenny West, actually ran against Meadows in the 2012 GOP primary. During the campaign West hinted that Meadows was unfit for office due to some undefined "character flaw." After Meadows won the primary, he hired West as chief of staff despite being warned by others that the man was a problem and "weird" around women.

After the complaints mounted, Meadows eventually let West go, but continued to pay him a total of $11,200, listed as "compensation" with the FEC, even though West did no paid work during the general election campaign. It sounds a lot like hush money to us. What exactly is Meadows' "character flaw" that West has kept close to his vest? We can only speculate, of course. Since Meadows voted against reauthorizing the Violence Against Women Act in 2013, maybe he's a chronic wife beater. Or maybe, like so many other right-wing blowhard hypocrites caught *in flagrante delicto*, he's a serial womanizer or has a gay boyfriend on the side. Fine, Marky, as long as you're not masquerading as a Christian saint and trying to ram primitive biblical morality down the nation's throat. H

STOYA—BELLE OF THE BALLROOM

PHOTO COURTESY STOYA

HUSTLER's favorite New Yorker, Stoya, has a theory about why she was tapped to host the 2016 XBIZ Awards. "I have a little bit of a reputation for going ahead and saying things that are scandalous," she confesses. "It seems like the past couple of years they've chosen hosts that get people talking." She cites Jenna Jameson's 2014 turn at the podium: "Let's just say that Jenna was in rare Jenna form that night." (Other witnesses were less oblique. Pornstress Dana DeArmond tweeted, "Jenna Jameson is awesome. I'll have what she's having! But only give me half. I don't want to die.")

At press time, nominations hadn't yet been posted, but with 150 award categories ranging from Best Sex Lubricant Company to Best Gonzo Release, the night is one of the adult entertainment industry's most highly anticipated. Personally Stoya is most curious to see who gets crowned Best New Starlet. "That's the one award you only have one chance to win," she explains. "Other awards have to do with skills. The inner workings of how committees pick that award is endlessly fascinating to me, especially since over the past decade, there's been a decline in the sticking power of starlets." Long a vocal advocate of adult film workers both in front of and behind the camera, Stoya has some pretty good guesses as to why that might be (think the proliferation of Internet tube sites, where performances get edited down to a couple of random minutes, removing credit, context and sometimes even faces from the mix), but says the biggest problem facing the industry is the industry itself. "It's nice to get together and give out awards for people who do superior jobs," she says. "But the XBIZ Awards aren't televised. The face the industry puts forward is that we're self-loathing. At events where the porn industry has a chance to present itself to the public, we hire comedians to come and make jokes at our expense. We pay outsiders to mock us. The public thinks we all have daddy issues. What we should be doing is giving an award to the person who does the best job explaining why the adult industry is important to this culture and economy. Like Ru Paul says, 'If you can't love yourself, how the hell are you gonna love someone else?'"

ALL-AMERICAN HORROR STORY

Like Freddy Krueger and Jason, only scarier, former Republican Michigan state Representatives Todd Courser and Cindy Gamrat keep haunting us. The Tea Party, family-values conservatives spent their first year on the job fucking each other, and it wasn't exactly a secret. The freshman representatives initially raised eyebrows by combining offices and sharing staffers, despite the fact that their districts were on opposite ends of the state. Staffers reported that the two routinely spent hours holed up alone in a back office where Gamrat would bring Courser pillows and blankets for "naps." According to an official misconduct report, staff members were required to lie about Courser and Gamrat's whereabouts, including—especially, we'd imagine—to family, to facilitate trysts. Still, the affair was such a poorly kept secret that something needed to be done. So to make himself appear to be the victim of malicious, false gossip, Courser sent an anonymous, sexually explicit email to GOP activists and others calling himself "...a bisexual porn addicted sex deviant" who engaged in "male-on-male paid-for sex behind a prominent Lansing nightclub!" When confronted at a hearing with a recording of himself reading the salacious email ("His cock is hanging out all over Lansing") and discussing the hoax with his then-aide Ben Graham, the best Courser could offer was this peach of a nondenial: "I don't recognize myself in the audio recordings."

In August, after an official investigation found that Courser and Gamrat had misused state resources and money and engaged in "numerous instances of deceptive, deceitful and outright dishonest conduct" in an effort to hide their affair, the lovers were encouraged to resign. It took a few weeks for the rats to leave their nest. A special all-night session was held on September 11 to expel the bible-thumping humpers. When it became clear that the majority of House members would vote for his removal, Courser resigned at 3:12 a.m., narrowly missing the shame of an official expulsion. Gamrat, who had hoped for a censure, was expelled at 4:13 a.m. on a 91-12 vote and immediately escorted out of the House chamber.

Cue the sequel horror music: It took less than a week before Gamrat and Courser were back demanding to be put on the primary ballots for the March 8th special election to replace...themselves! You might think a move like that takes balls, but as Courser meekly told *CNN*, "It really was up to my wife. Yesterday, she gave me the go-ahead." (Gamrat's decision to run for her own seat came after she did a little "praying." Good Lord.)

Representative Lisa Lyons is one lawmaker who smells bullshit. Chairwoman of the House Elections Committee, Lyons is working on a bill that would prevent would-be candidates from running in a special election immediately after being expelled or resigning from the same position. If passed, that bill would come too late to apply to Gamrat or Courser, unfortunately. But since Gamrat and Courser run primarily on promises to vote against tax and spending increases and to eliminate all wasteful government spending (along with "conservative, Christian values"—whatever that could mean coming from them), at least, we can only suppose, they plan to shoulder the cost of the special election, estimated to be $150,000. They do plan to pay that, right? Right? Oh well. Good luck, shitheads!

"To those of you who received honors, awards and distinctions, I say well done. And to the C students, I say you, too, can be President of the United States." —GEORGE W. BUSH, FORMER PRESIDENT

CLUB GIRL: KAT DIOR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ADAM MATLOW

"I love risk. And being nude in public, in broad daylight, is always a rush," confesses our March Club Girl. "It wasn't easy walking around in heels on a train track, but hey, I made it work." And how! Appearing at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club, Las Vegas for the past year, the 22-year-old says dancing in different outfits lets her "feel like a brand-new person every night." She most appreciates customers who are "classy with their hands and generous with their wallets," and when she isn't trying out new restaurants or playing Marco Polo at a pool party, she likes to stay home and catch up on her orgasms. "My favorite toy is the Hitachi. I can come 23 times in a row. I counted!" Before moving to Vegas from Los Angeles, Kat explored a few sexual kinks on-screen. Now confident that she's a "naughty girl" at heart, she looks forward to playing more for the cameras. "I just got back into the porn industry," she says, "so you'll be seeing lots more of me." Follow her on Twitter @OfficialKatDior.

"My philosophy for a happy life is simple. If I can't hump it, eat it or fetch it, I piss on it!

"We're not gonna pray the gay away today, because it doesn't really work. I thought you could just suck my dick instead.

"If you wear a short enough skirt, the party will come to you." —DOROTHY PARKER, WRITER

HOLY FUCK!

During Pope Francis's three-day whirlwind visit to the U.S., the holy man shook hands with the prominent and the downtrodden, kissed babies, and spoke movingly about love, forgiveness and charity. He also met personally with hundreds of victims of sexual abuse—that is, he offered personal comfort and solace to a large group of Catholic *bishops*, adding a single phrase to his prescripted remarks: "God weeps." Because, you know, he *gets it*: This whole child sex abuse stuff was pretty hard on (get it, hard-on?) the clergy.

A sea of lizardy, white male faces and amethyst zucchettos gathered at the Cathedral of St. Matthew the Apostle in Washington, D.C., listening intently, some with forefingers pressed against noses and lips (remembering the distant smell of a child's underwear perhaps?) as Pope Francis solemnly announced, "I realize how much the pain of recent years has weighed upon you, and I have supported your generous commitment to bring healing to victims."

Generous isn't the word we'd use. It used to be that when locals got too close to catching on to a pedophile priest, the Catholic Church would just send him along to a new parish for a "fresh start." The more remote, the more impoverished, the better. Now that public awareness and outcry throughout Europe and the United States has made this more difficult—and more expensive in terms of legal fees—the Catholic Church has begun sending priests who face criminal investigation for pedophilia to poor villages in South America. *The GlobalPost* has spent the past year tracking down and doing video interviews with some of these priests. It's quite edifying to watch a priest who currently leads mass openly admit to molesting a 13-year-old boy and acknowledge that he'd never be allowed to work in the U.S. Pope Francis said he was committed to holding holy fuckers accountable; clearly that's not the case.

Meanwhile, in the States, most dioceses refuse to release any information on child sex abuse. (Those few dioceses forced by court order to release records provide a truly horrifying reading experience; for a treasure trove of documents, see **www.BishopAccountability.org**, a nonprofit group that tracks the abuse scandal). Catholics who put a few bucks in their parish collection plate might be surprised to know that if they live in a state where there are Statutes of Limitations for child sex abuse, their money is probably being used to pay for lobbyists who fight to make sure these SOLs stay on the books. (Children, those slouches, can't afford lobbyists.)

Back to Pope Francis's suffering and pain. Before addressing the bishops, he did meet with a few *actual* victims of child abuse: three women and two men who had been sexually abused by clergy, family members or teachers, according to the Vatican's press office. Seems like the Pope and his handlers wanted to remind folks that the crime is not just a Catholic priest thing. But the Catholic Church is one of the largest organized ring of pedophiles we've ever seen.

"Tax them. If holy people are so interested in politics, government, and public policy, let them pay the price of admission like everybody else." —GEORGE CARLIN, COMEDIAN

LIBERATING LITERATURE

It's hard to imagine anyone, even a hot-blooded teenager, springing a boner while reading about a middle-aged woman finding a lump on her cervix. But that's what keeps Tennessee mom Jackie Sims up at night. She's on a mission to remove *The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks* from schools in Knox County.

Deemed essential reading on scientific ethics, the book, written by teacher and journalist Rebecca Skloot, is a best-selling work of nonfiction about a poor black tobacco farmer who died of cervical cancer in 1951 and whose cells were harvested without her permission or her family's knowledge. These cells led to groundbreaking, not to mention fortune-making (for everyone involved except for Lacks and her family), medical advancements like the polio vaccine, in vitro fertilization, cloning and gene mapping. "I consider the book pornographic," Sims said, citing a passage where Lacks discovers a lump on her cervix. "I was shocked that there was so much graphic information in the book." Her tenth-grade son was given an alternative text to read, but she is determined to get the book out from the school system, which includes about 90 schools and 59,000 students.

Note to Ms. Sims: Books often contain "graphic information." Reading more of them might help you understand that there's a difference between pornography and cervical cancer. We'd be happy to send you a complimentary copy of HUSTLER to help clear up any confusion.

For more information on banned and challenged books, visit ***www.ala.org/bbooks***.

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Love and Lust

I have to chuckle at these *Playboy* type of people who ask, "Why read HUSTLER?" As a porn fan from the 1970s, HUSTLER gives the very best updates on what's going on in the wonderful world of XXX. And of course I love and lust for all the sexy, fucking good HUSTLER women we can always enjoy in each issue of America's Magazine. I love to see girls with open pussies and assholes in the best up-close and intimate photo spreads. And even though some people don't like it, Larry Flynt tells it exactly the way it is, and so do I. With me, as a long-time critic of the government's false version of the JFK assassination, I will always tell it the way it is: The CIA killed JFK.

—Dennis Comstock
Muskegon, Michigan

Bushy Pussies

I switched subscriptions from *Playboy* to HUSTLER in hopes of getting some pictures of girls with nasty-looking 1970s' bushy pussies. So far, in the last two magazines, you haven't done any better. I am sure there is a beautiful 23-year-old model somewhere with a nasty-looking full bush. Maybe you could find her and put her in a centerfold. Don't be so hard on Republicans since "Donald Trump" will be the next President!

—Jerry L. Hale
Burleson, Texas

Patience, friend! HUSTLER has sated your hunger for hair pie, at least for the time being ["Push for Bush," February '16]. And since *Playboy* no longer publishes nude photos, we'd like to extend a warm HUSTLER howdy to all readers, male, female, hairy and bald, who like looking at pussy. P.S. By "Donald Trump," did you mean Bernie or Hillary?

Screwing Around

What the fuck are you guys doing? You turned a perfectly good skin mag into a political rag. I dug out a HUSTLER from the 1980s, and the cartoons were totally un-PC and funny. If you think you are going to change anybody's mind one way or the other, you're wrong. Get back to your roots! **—Rick Ware**
Westborough, Massachusetts

Granny Fan

I love your magazine and the perverted things the young ladies do to live out our desires. But after seeing a well-preserved 60-plus-year-old lady getting gangbanged, I am now partial to senior women. I have never been with a senior lady, but they seem to be a lot hungrier for huge cocks than younger women. Do you have any magazines dealing with sexy seniors? If not, can you please tell me where I can get one? **—Marty Farrenhole**
Beverly Hills, Florida

We're happy to be of service, sir, in your search for old-age orgasms. Simply call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 and order *This Ain't The Golden Girls XXX* or *Granny Fucks Her Godson.*

Join our "Push for Bush" in the February '16 issue.

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of wild letters. Here's one of our favorites.

Dear HUSTLER,
I do not request any correspondence; I only need an outlet. People tend to believe and enforce the teachings of Redeemer and Cornerstone churches of Utica, New York. No matter how deceptive and hypocritical the teachings are. This area's soup kitchen intentionally makes the food bad, often dangerously bad. This is because these born-again Christians believe that it's a sin to be too helpful to low-ranking people. But this is as they force people to stay trapped in their vices, because better-thans go to heaven and worse-thans go to heaven. There are certain people that will inevitably get arrested for being sober. I am one of those people. Believe it. Redeemer and Cornerstone churches demand homosexuality. I am a 36-year-old virgin that these churches are scared to death of even having the slightest opportunity of a heterosexual marriage. Unless the circumstances are as humiliating as possible, I am never, ever allowed to even look at an attractive female under any circumstance. Not in a book, not in a magazine, not on TV and definitely not in real life. Believe it.

—Josh Harrington
Utica, New York

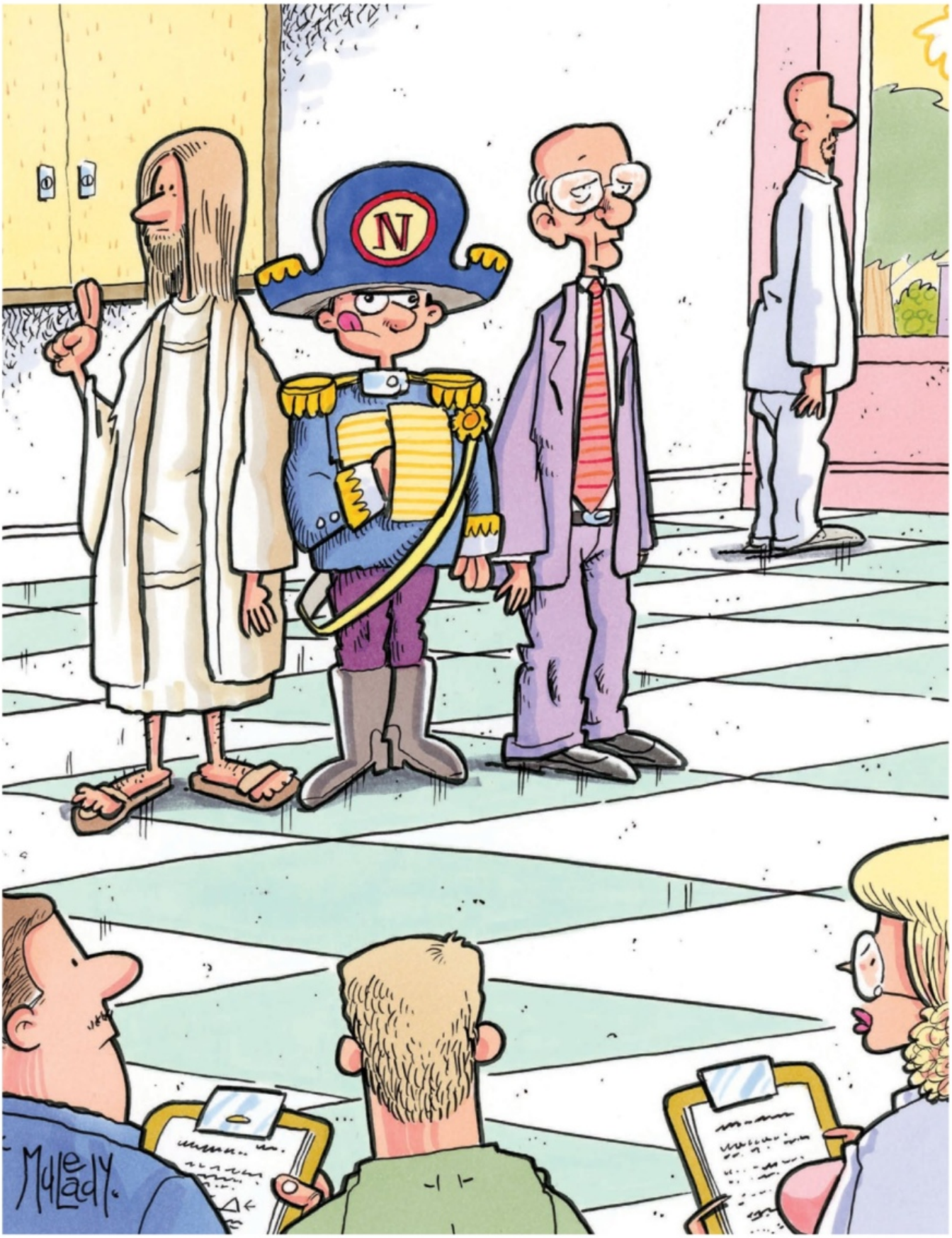
Good to Know

In response to your question: "Admit it—now that the idea has gotten into your head, it's hard to let go of, isn't it?" ["Frankenfoot," *Bits & Pieces*, October '15]. I wouldn't mind admitting if I had a gay foot fetish. For the hetero type, I would prefer a more feminine-looking foot.

—Kevin Hall
Burlington, Washington

"That's for you, dear—just in case. Remember you said, "If Hillary gets elected, I'll kill myself!"

Congratulations to Marty Farrenhole of Beverly Hills, Florida, for sending in our *Feedback* Letter of the Month. We'd say that living in Florida means you're definitely in the right place for finding lots of hot granny action. (Remember: Just because they're retired doesn't mean they're tired!) Let us know what you think of this month's issue and you could be next month's winner! Send letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. Be sure to indicate your hometown and a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.



"He thinks he's Jesus, he thinks he's Napoleon, and that's Rupert Murdoch.
He thinks he runs a legitimate news organization."

MIELA & EILEEN

SOFT TOUCH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
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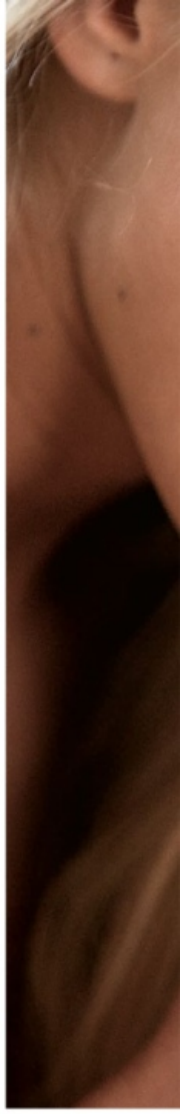
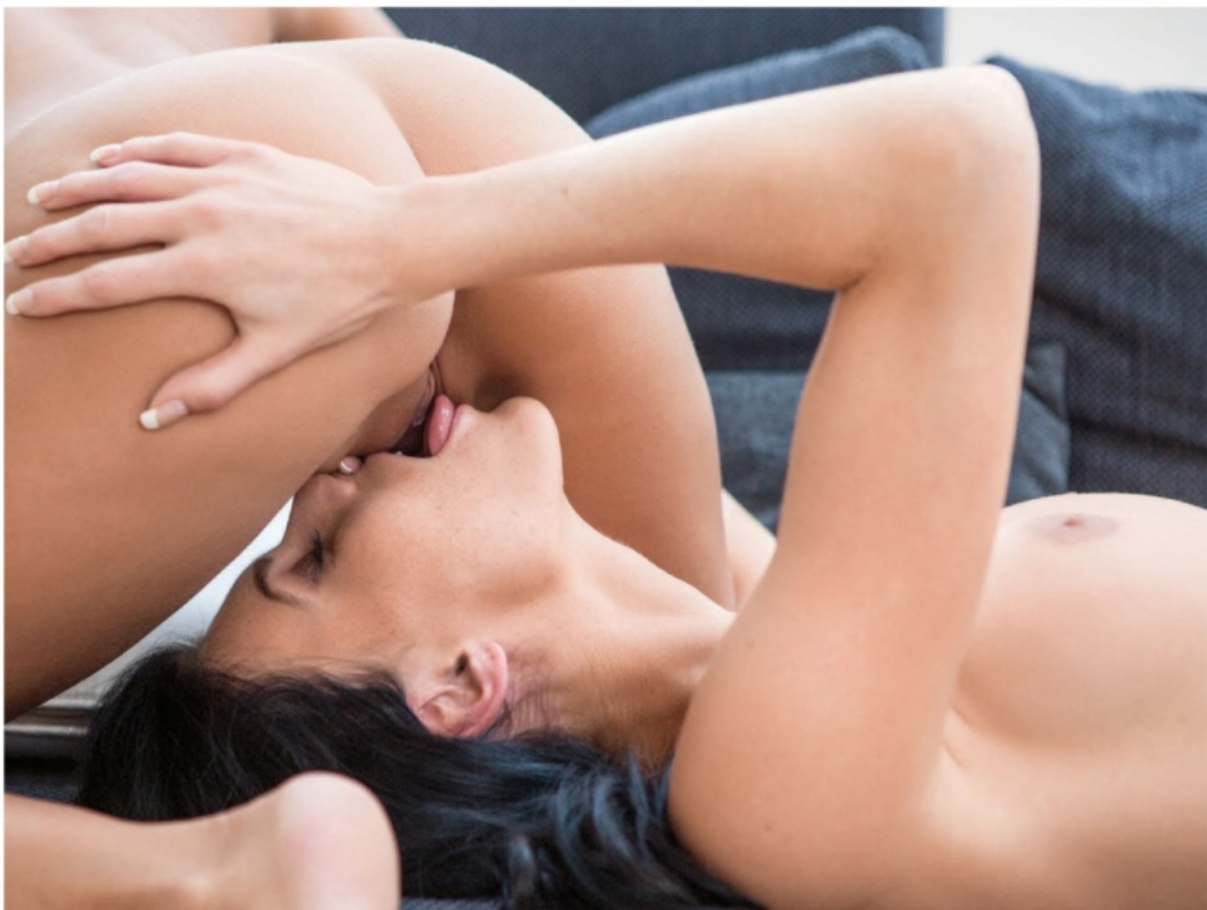


I'm a girl who likes girls. Sure, guys are cool too, but there's no bigger turn-on than watching a woman come. Some moan quietly. Some grab your hair and scream. Once I got a fat lip when this girl rammed her pubic bone against my face. To me, **Miela** is perfect. She has freckles like me, but her curves are softer, more gentle than mine. When she has an orgasm, she gets this big smile on her face and her whole body starts trembling. It's supercute!"

—Eileen

I used to think it was dumb when guys stressed out about pleasing me in bed. But when I started to fuck girls, I realized women can be tricky. Am I turning her on, or is she just pretending? What makes her feel good? Now I approach making love to women like dancing. Does she want me to lead, or does she want to be in control? If you really want to connect physically and have her experience the same roller coaster, you need to take your time and listen to her body. How you move is up to you. Just don't be a shitty dancer."

—Miela



MIELA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Dvůr Králové nad Labem, Czech Republic**
AGE: **23** | HEIGHT: **5-5** | MEASUREMENTS: **36B-26-37**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Scissoring**

EILEEN'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Mostek, Czech Republic**
AGE: **27** | HEIGHT: **5-7**
MEASUREMENTS: **34B-26-34**
FAVORITE POSITION: **69**

FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU FUCK ON THE BEST DRUG COCKTAIL KNOWN TO MAN—AND IT'S MADE RIGHT IN YOUR BRAIN, NO DEALER REQUIRED. A LOOK AT THE SCIENCE BEHIND SUPERHUMAN PERFORMANCE AND WHAT IT MEANS FOR THE BEDROOM.

GO WITH THE FLOW

ARTICLE BY
CALEB KUBRIN
ILLUSTRATIONS
BY CRAIG WINZER

We've all heard athletes use the term *in the zone* when describing their feats du jour to a curvy blonde on the sidelines. But those words don't do the latest and greatest athletic accomplishments justice. It's a simplistic explanation of a complex process. Thanks to the study of exponential progress in sports, we can finally put these advances in perspective. In *The Rise of Superman: Decoding the Science of Ultimate Human Performance*, bestselling author Steven Kotler explains what happens to the mind and muscles when, say, snowboarder Shaun White lands the very first cab 1080 double cork.

The buzzword we'll be using is *flow*. As Kotler describes it in our interview, flow state is "an optimal state of consciousness wherein we feel our best and we perform our best…a moment of total absorption. Focus becomes so intense and you're completely absorbed by the moment; action and awareness merge, self vanishes, and time dilates so it slows and/or speeds up. And throughout this all aspects of performance go through the roof."

For someone like White, tapping into a flow state has become routine, as he's been pushing the limits on a snowboard since he was seven years old. But how does the layman, sans a life-threatening adrenaline rush, find flow? Kotler lays out a blueprint:

"Flow has 17 triggers, preconditions that lead to more flow," he says, referring to psychological, environmental, social and creative triggers. These include clear goals, intensely focused attention, immediate feedback, high consequences, good communication, risk and a sense of control. "Flow happens when focus is very intense and we're totally present in the moment. All these triggers just drive attention into the now. You're working with the body's natural design, how evolutionary biology built us."

"THE BRAIN COCKTAILS ALL THE GOOD PARTS OF THEM PERFECTLY AND NONE OF THE BAD, AND THAT MAKES FLOW ONE OF THE MOST ADDICTIVE STATES ON EARTH."

A simpler way to think about this is to visualize the revolutionary special effects in the Wachowski Brothers' *The Matrix*. Keanu Reeves' character, Neo, can dodge bullets because time appears to slow down. By no means are we endorsing flow as a way to walk into the middle of a shootout, but the concept is similar. When you block out all other distractions and focus only on one difficult task at hand, it allows your brain to maximize its natural abilities, which gives you near-superhuman potential.

For pro skateboarder Danny Way and the late great skier and base jumper Shane McConkey—two extreme athletes featured in Kotler's book that most nine-to-fivers would consider insane at best and suicidal at worst—flow wasn't just an exciting and addicting way to progress. The state's benefits were prerequisites to clearing a 120-foot megaramp over the Great Wall of China and making a hairpin jump-turn in the middle of a narrow chute with a 60-degree slope.

"They needed flow to survive what they are doing, so they got very good at how to trigger it," Kotler said.

While extreme sports athletes like White, Way or McConkey provide the most obvious examples of what it looks like to enter a flow state, Kotler, both in his book and conversation with HUSTLER, makes it abundantly clear that Joe Everyman is perfectly capable of embracing the process and applying it in his life. Some Silicon Valley tech giants are helping computer programmers get into flow at work. Kotler references a study that details its use by sheepherders, farmers and assembly line workers. Musicians, painters and poets will tell you they've discovered new creative heights thanks to flow.

If this topic sounds a little too "crunchy granola" to believe and seems like a better fit for a fireside discussion at Burning Man, just know that the United States Army and corporate America would beg to differ. The Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) had researchers induce flow artificially, through transcranial electrode stimulation, as they trained their top snipers. The result: a 230% increase in target acquisition skills. And ten years studying top executives led McKinsey & Company to publish a study that suggests you can be more productive in one day at work using flow state than you would be putting in five flow-free days at the office.

If everyone from sheepherders to snipers to CEOs can benefit from flow, shouldn't adult-film performers enjoy the same perks?

According to some of the top names in the industry, there's no question flow is key to producing great porn. While one might challenge the idea that adult-film stars are akin to adrenaline-addicted athletes, it's not a baseless claim, especially when you consider such extreme sex acts as anal intercourse and double-penetration. Let six-year industry veteran Chanel Preston of www.nakedwithchanel.com explain: "Even in scenes that look pretty soft, there is some challenge there. There are times where I've done things in scenes that I physically didn't know I could do. People laugh at this, but you're putting two massive cocks inside one hole. I would say that's pretty extreme."

Missy Martinez, who has starred in over 250 films, says that she first experienced flow while experimenting with her own physical capabilities. When told of Preston's comparison, Martinez backs her industry peer. "[Double-penetration] is not natural for the body. That's something you have to work up to. And it's as extreme as it gets, really. There's no faking it when you have two dicks inside you."

Just like it took years of practice for guys like White and Way to reach the pinnacles of their crafts, Martinez explains that her anal penetration skills did not develop overnight. "I used to just be able to take a pinky; now I can take a full 12-inch penis that's very thick in diameter," Martinez says. "It's an active process, not a gift I was born with. It's something I have to work on. I still practice, and I can now fist my ass, but not every time. That's my next hurdle, and I'm making a lot of progress with it. There's a certain feeling of accomplishment. That's why girls who do anal a lot keep going to the next bigger thing, because it's that challenge."

Martinez shares with HUSTLER the advice she gives to newcomers: "Don't half-ass anything. Full-ass one thing."

The addictive side to flow-powered accomplishments that Martinez alludes to is scientifically proven, according to Kotler. "There are five major neurochemicals that underline flow and all of them have a drug analogy," he explains. The brain's most common, endorphin, which is analogous to opiates, is one hundred times more >>

HOW TO FIND FLOW

1. START FROM A CALM PLACE. IT'S IMPORTANT TO BEGIN THE TRANSITION INTO FLOW FROM A RELAXED ENVIRONMENT.

2. FOCUS ALL OF YOUR ATTENTION AND ENERGY ON THE PRESENT MOMENT AND THE TASK AT HAND, WHETHER IT'S SKIING DOWN A STEEP CHUTE, CODING A NEW APP OR KEEPING YOUR ERECTION. VISUALIZE YOURSELF SUCCEEDING.

3. START WITH VERY DELIBERATE ACTIONS AND SLOW, DEEP BREATHING. THE GOAL IS TO FIND A MEDITATIVE STATE IN WHICH YOU CAN MAINTAIN INTENSE FOCUS.

4. DO NOT ALLOW STRESS, ANXIETY, SELF-DOUBT OR ANY OUTSIDE DISTRACTIONS TO SEEP INTO YOUR MIND AND TAKE YOU AWAY FROM FULL ABSORPTION INTO THE ACTIVITY. IF YOU START GETTING PULLED AWAY FROM YOUR MEDITATIVE BREATHS, REFOCUS ON INHALING AND EXHALING. YOU WILL ONLY REACH YOUR GOAL IF YOU'RE ABLE TO BLOCK OUT PERIPHERAL THOUGHTS AND DEDICATE YOUR BRAIN, WITH ALL ITS ENERGY AND POWER, TO YOUR SPECIFIC CHALLENGE.

5. ONCE YOU'VE COMPLETED THE ACTIVITY, MAKE SURE TO TAKE A BREAK. ENTERING A FLOW STATE IS EXTREMELY TAXING ON THE BODY AND MIND AND IS ALSO HIGHLY ADDICTIVE, SO IT'S IMPORTANT TO GIVE YOURSELF A REST BEFORE ATTEMPTING FLOW AGAIN.

powerful than medical morphine. Kotler sums up the flow state's street drug equivalents in an article he wrote for *Forbes*: "During flow, the brain gets high on an extremely potent neurochemical cocktail, blending norepinephrine, dopamine, endorphins, anandamide and serotonin. To put this in street drug terms, flow produces a rapid hit of speed, heroin, ecstasy, marijuana and cocaine. This is also why researchers consider flow the source code of intrinsic motivation or, in plainer language, seriously addictive."

When you consider the effects of those substances individually, it's no surprise that a well-balanced cocktail of all of the above would create a desire to return to that state frequently.

"You've got five of the most powerful, addictive chemical drugs on Earth all being released into the brain during flow; and remember, you can't cocktail these drugs on the street," Kotler tells HUSTLER. "If you try to do all of these drugs at once, either you're in a coma or you're dead. The brain cocktails all the good parts of them perfectly and none of the bad, which is incredible, and that makes flow one of the most addictive states on Earth."

The addiction factor causes some people to push their limits too much, which can lead to serious injury or death in the extreme sports world. In porn, the risks can be nearly as dire. "I tell girls now to listen to their bodies and push their limits, but if you can't do anal, don't do it," Martinez warns. "They don't make Louis Vuitton colostomy bags."

While Kotler's instruction manual for how to enter a flow state is a little thick with academic and scientific terms, Martinez has a more easily digestible step-by-step guide, which she shares with us as she explains her pre-shoot process. The 2012 AVN Award winner emphasizes that finding flow in order to reach a new performance plateau starts with calming yourself through deep, meditative breaths. Slowing down and focusing on your breathing stops the mind from getting stuck processing everyday problems. It allows the brain to dedicate more energy to overcoming obstacles, both physical and mental.

"Before the set, just let all your stresses slip away and know the real world is waiting for you when you're done with your scene," Martinez advises. "In the meantime, you've just got to tuck all that stuff away, empty your mind, and while you're prepping yourself and you're opening up with toys, take slow, deep, meditative breaths and just imagine a swallowing feeling. Just let your ass open up and swallow whatever is given to it."

For those unfamiliar with basic meditation techniques, the goal is to focus so intensely on your breathing that all other distractions slip away. To start, simply close your eyes and think about nothing more than inhaling and exhaling slowly and deliberately. When your mind inevitably wanders back to life's stresses, find your focus again. As you practice this simple technique, it will become easier to block out distractions.

Once this breathing technique becomes second nature, you should be ready to build off your newfound stress-free mind-set and experience your first taste of flow. Whether you're pushing the limits of aerial rotations or anal penetration, the key to reaching new heights (or depths) is focusing on incremental progress.

"What Shane [McConkey] and all those guys did is they pushed the challenge up ever so slightly a small percent a day, day after day, month after month and year after year," Kotler explains. "That's how the impossible gets done."

Kotler first familiarized himself with flow as a freelance journalist in the early 1990s, essentially the infancy era of the action sports takeover. He spent five years chasing some of the most prominent pioneers on land and sea and likened it to "going to a magic show."

"I was seeing things even back then that didn't look possible. You know when you watched Michael Jordan and his leg used to hang beneath the rim for an extra second and you had that sneaking suspicion that he was defying gravity? This was that feeling but on an enormous scale. It wasn't just a guy shooting a basket; these guys were risking their lives and it was off the fucking charts."

Michael Vegas, a prominent adult male performer with over 400 scenes to his credit over his six years in the industry, said he uses flow at work like the rest of us use coffee.

"It can be extremely helpful," insists Vegas, who first discovered the benefits of flow when learning how to juggle and perform with fire. "The hardest part about being male talent is getting out of your own head. If you can get an erection, you can do this job. It's being able to juggle all these things in your head, being able to deal with the judgment of the crew, the other performers, anybody else around you. You just have to put yourself in somewhat of a flow state and bury that and say, 'This is my job. I know how to do it. I'm going to do it. And I'm going to do it well.' It's crazy. Everybody—everybody should learn flow."

Even if you have no intention of flying off a ramp on skis or shoving huge objects up your ass, there's no doubt that you can find a way to use this condition to your advantage. Take erectile dysfunction and premature ejaculation, for instance. If you have issues with getting it up, keeping it up or holding back your orgasm, flow may be a more efficient remedy than any pharmaceutical drug. That's because flow attacks the mental catalysts for sexual issues, often a more realistic approach to fixing the problem than chalking it up to physical flaws.

IF YOU HAVE ISSUES WITH GETTING IT UP, KEEPING IT UP OR HOLDING BACK YOUR ORGASM, FLOW MAY BE A MORE EFFICIENT REMEDY THAN ANY PHARMACEUTICAL.

Many men are incapable of moving past their sexual issues because they waste so much mental energy worrying about the consequences of their failures and subsequent embarrassment. Since flow is all about blocking out distractions in order to harness the brain's full potential, there's no question that it can help some men find a more effective path to sustained erections and delayed orgasms.

"I think a lot of males with performance issues are worried about performing well instead of just being in the moment and enjoying it," Martinez surmises. "I go into having sex without expecting to orgasm and to just enjoy the experience. If you never have any expectations, you'll never be disappointed. And I think more men need to have that viewpoint: Just enjoy the act, and then if you come, that's a bonus. But if you don't, don't beat up on yourself. You can always have sex again."

The eventual payoff, if you become capable of mastering the mental and physical triggers, is priceless. Whether it's overcoming sexual inadequacy issues or inventing a new extreme sport, the reward for the hard work it takes to find flow is undeniable. And since our understanding of the state is still in its infancy, what comes next will be even more exciting.

Kotler used the age-old phrase "standing on the shoulders of giants" as a metaphor for how the next generation of surfers and skiers will have a much higher base-level understanding of what's now possible thanks to pioneers like McConkey and big-wave surfer Laird Hamilton.

But does that apply to the adult-film industry? What would it look like to see a new generation of adult performers "stand on the shoulders" of past sensational sex acts?

Consider one performer skeptical: "A dick can only be so big; you can only come so many times," says Derrick Pierce, a personal trainer and martial arts instructor turned male performer known as The Bad Boy of Adult.

When asked the same question, Martinez is a little more imaginative. She looks into her crystal ball and offers this vision for the future of porn: "As porn has gotten more progressive, it's become much more extreme. I have to give a big shout-out to the legendary performer Asa Akira. She's been in the industry forever, and she has a magical asshole and vagina. She did a DVDA—double vaginal/double anal—and she did it so effortlessly. And then you see other girls who haven't been around as long saying, 'Asa did it; I can do it.' I think people used to have very linear thoughts with sex: only the vagina, one dick at a time. But if your body can take it, I think the sky's the limit. There's definitely been a lot of performers who have broken ground with things that have never been done before. And that gets the wheels turning with other performers. 'How can I one-up this?' It kind of brings out that showmanship and that 'peacockness,' and they ask themselves, 'How am I going to make my mark?' And I think that Asa Akira is one of those performers who set the bar high, and now other girls will say—and it's going to take a lot—but 'How about I fit three inside me this time…or four?'"

Four dicks in one orifice at a time seems laughably impossible. But bear in mind that less than a century ago, the four-minute mile was considered a feat humans were not physically capable of achieving. Thanks to flow, the impossible can become possible. Time will tell if Akira, Martinez and Preston are setting the foundation for future adult-film performers to change the sex game. H

SCARLET
RED
HAPPINESS IS...
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

I'm the type of girl who gets along with everybody. Very happy-go-lucky. When I was young, I explored my sexuality quite a bit, but when I entered porn, I learned how sexually capable I really am. I have a gift for living in the moment, and that makes me good at fucking. I get out of my head and just let my body enjoy."

I like doggy because you can do so many things. You can be on your stomach; you can be on all fours; you can go off on anything, like counters. It's fun! Being picked for the cover of HUSTLER's 40th Anniversary issue was such a life-changing, liberating experience. I love Larry and Liz! I was so honored, and it still hits me to this day—'Is this girl really me? OMG, it is!'"

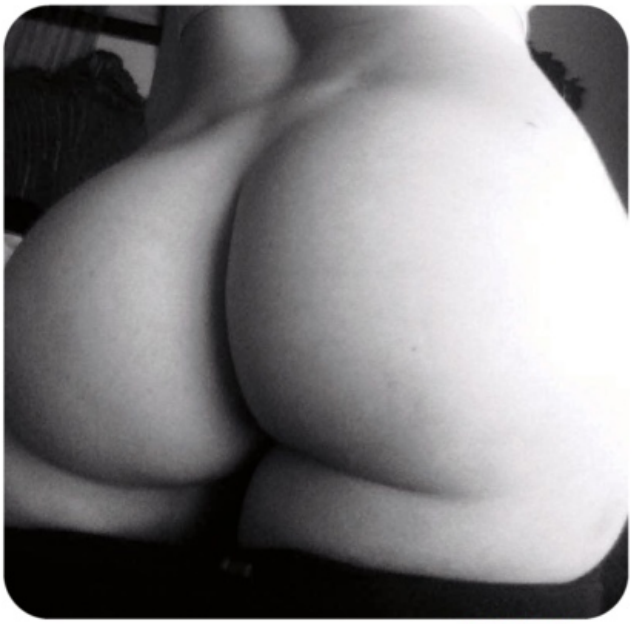
#selfies

Edited by Kimberly Cheng

HUSTLER models aren't just beautiful. They're smart and witty, quirky and clumsy, passionate and downright ballsy. To know them is to love them. So we've compiled the best tweets from our hottest Honeys to show you what goes on once the cameras stop rolling. Enjoy!

Mia Malkova @MiaMalkova · Dec '15 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
5,423	602	183K



@MiaMalkova

FAT ASS 😊

@AmiaMiley

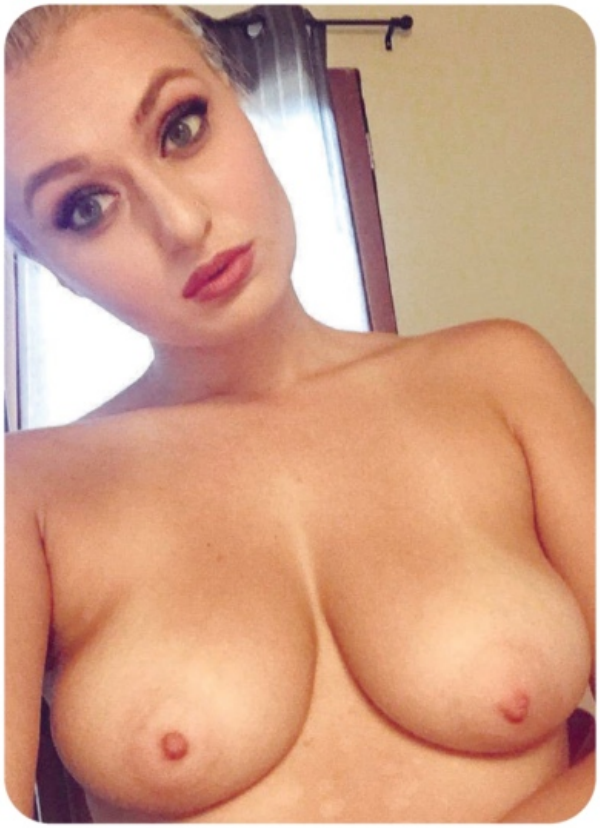
Good morning, baby 😌 What are y'all up to today?

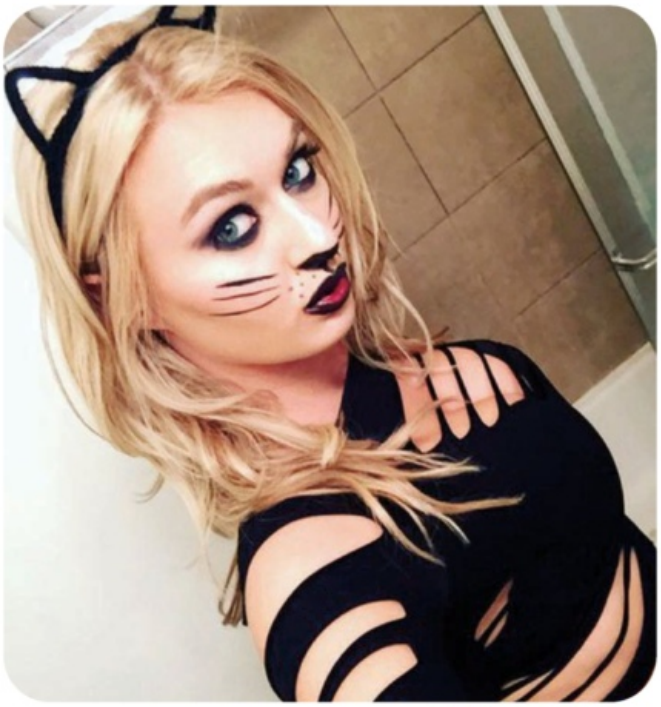
Amia Miley @AmiaMiley · Aug '14 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
20.9K	38.1K	183K

Natalia Starr @theNataliaStarr · Oct '15 Honey

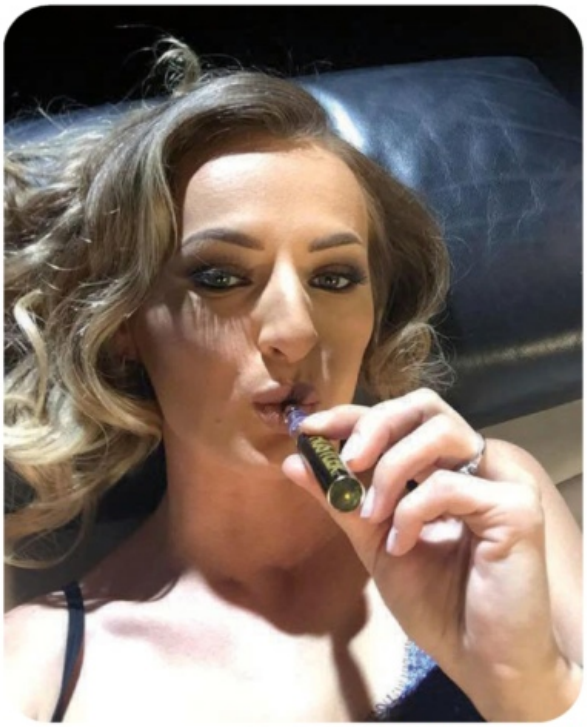
TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
6,906	594	192K





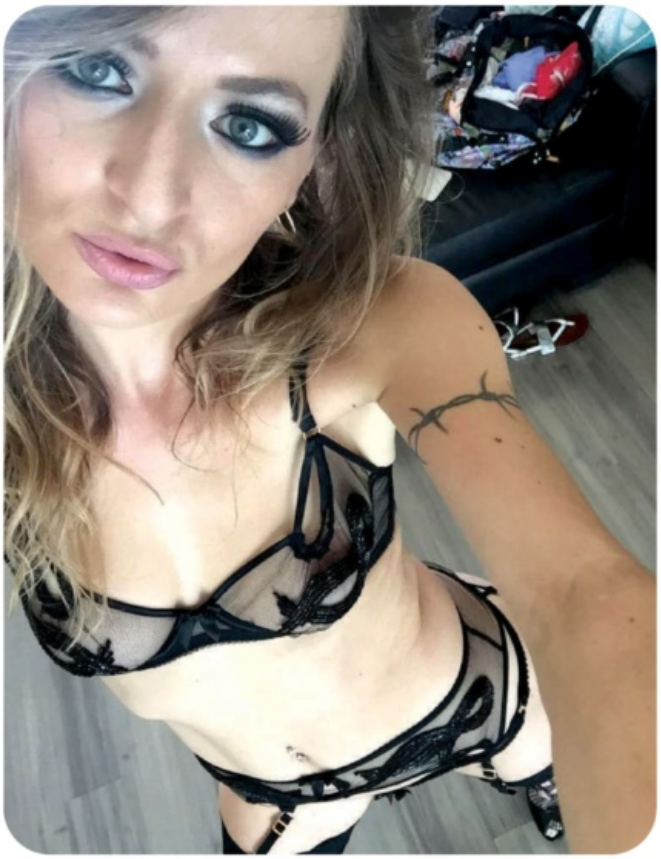
@theNataliaStarr

Meaww #sluttycat



@NatashaStar69

Amazing time on set today @Hustler

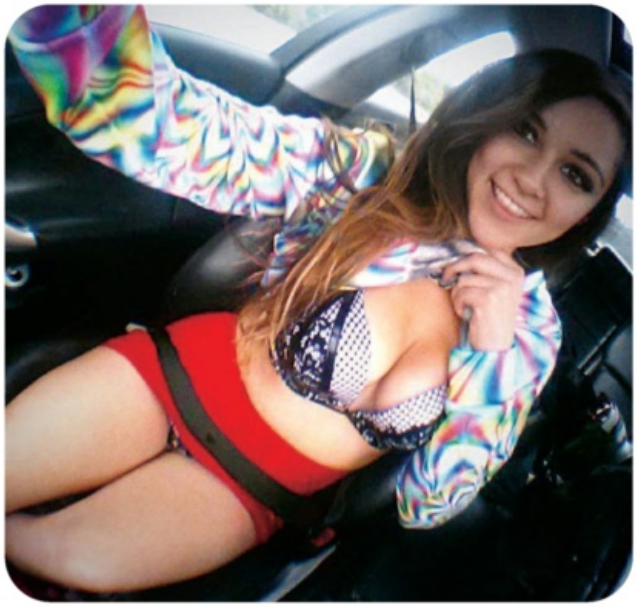


Natasha Starr @NatashaStar69 · Nov '15 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
40.3K	1,880	108K

Zoey Foxx @ZoeyFoxx · Oct '15 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
5,235	979	49.6K

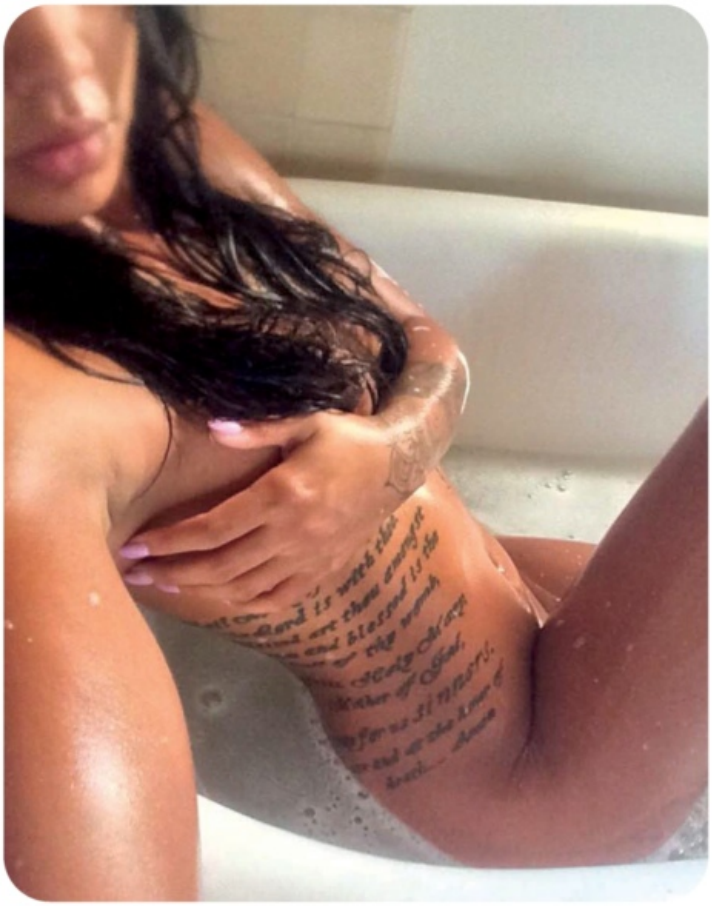


@ZoeyFoxx
Naughty booty marks. LOL Good morning. #spankme

@ToooMuchAtOnce
🌴 Another day in Paradise

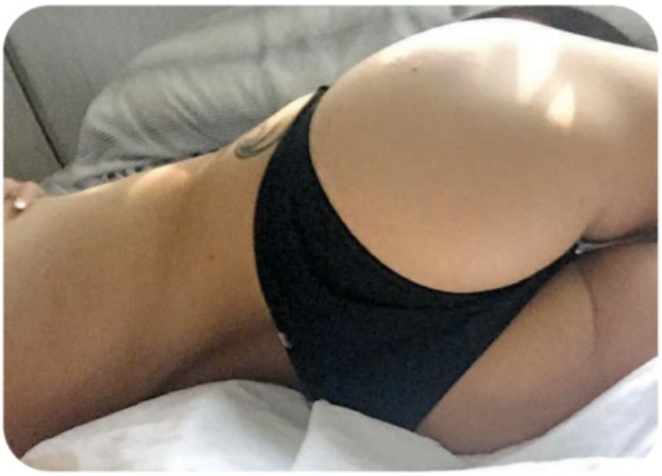
Harley Dean @ToooMuchAtOnce · Oct '15 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
4,742	455	50.8K



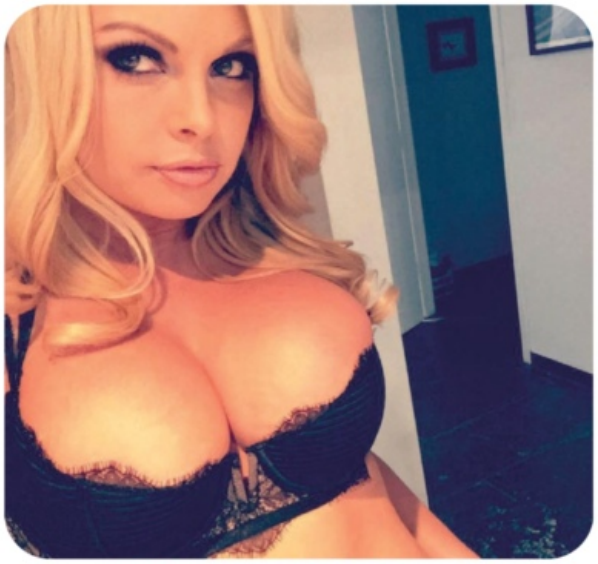
Marley Brinx @MarleyBrinx · Dec '15 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
878	1,394	42.4K



@MarleyBrinx

I need to get up and go to Vegas but I'm lazy AF. Hmm maybe I'll get married today 😏



Jesse @JesseJane · Oct '15 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
104K	465	320K

@JesseJane

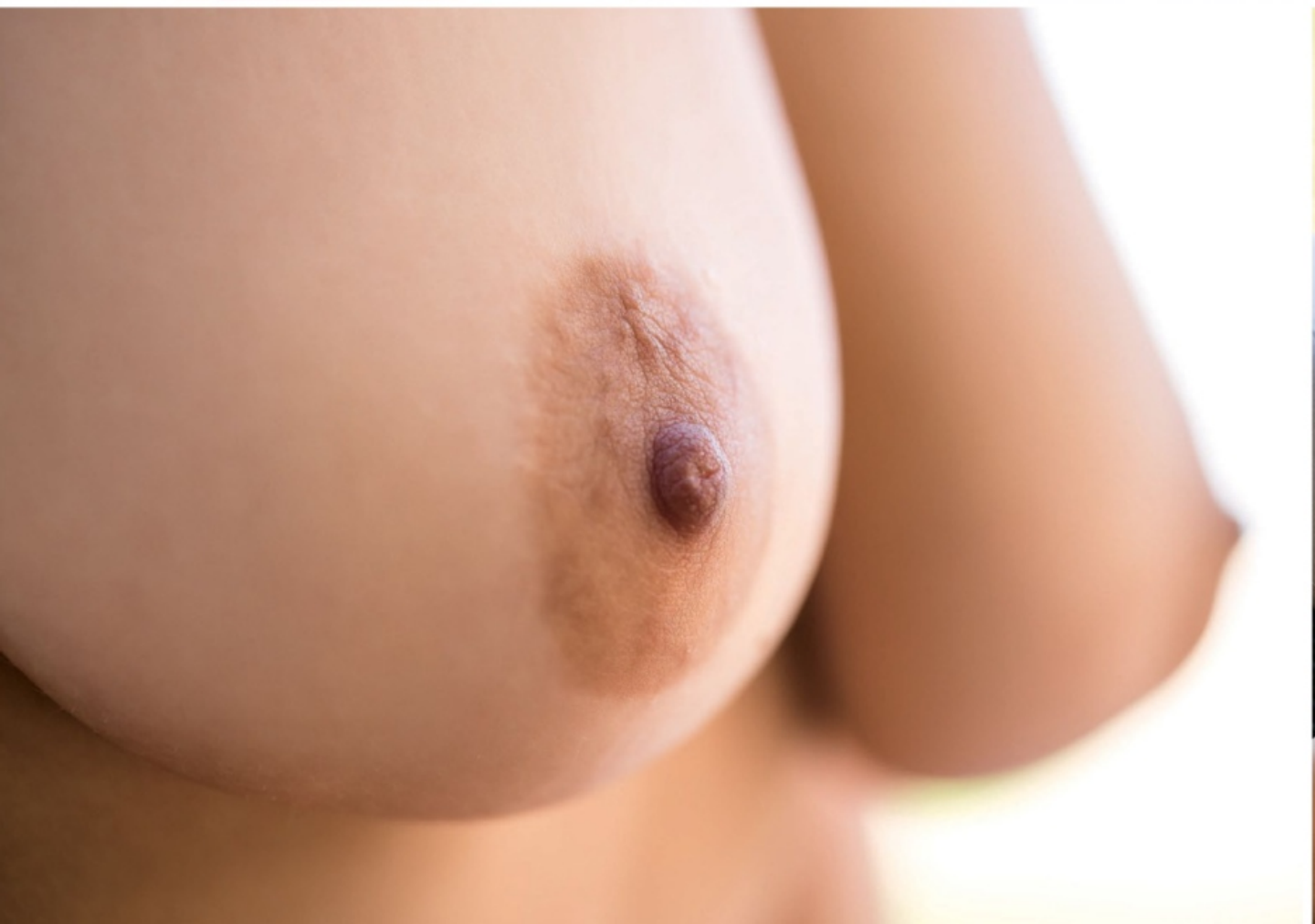
Sleeping in my flannel tonight 💋💋💋

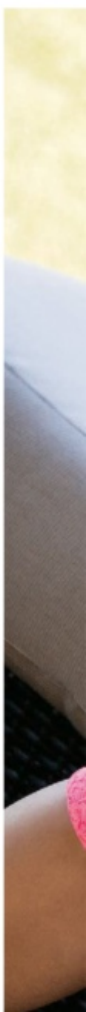
Had enough? We didn't think so. Follow us and your faves on Twitter @HUSTLERMag. To check out our Honeys' full-length HUSTLER layouts, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7651 or log on to **HustlerMagazine.com**.

NOELLE EASTON

UNDERCOVER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM





I was the nerdy girl in high school, the one at home doing her homework when everyone else was out having sex. People I grew up with would probably think I'd be weirded out by porn, but those who have watched my scenes know differently. I'm an undercover freak!"

My boyfriend and I pick up girls and bring them home. We're not old enough to go to bars, so we go to 18-and-up clubs. I do the picking. It takes a long time because I'm very choosy. He usually watches from a distance. I'll go in for the kill and then motion him over. We both like a full-figured woman—obviously :) We aren't the only ones. Guys always stare at my tits. It used to bother me, but I don't even notice anymore. A word of advice: Do not send me a dick pic. If you do, I will block you. If I'm right there with you, if I want to suck it, yeah, I want to see your dick, but I don't want a picture. Some things are better in person."

NOELLE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Knoxville, Tennessee** | AGE: **20** | HEIGHT: **5-4**
MEASUREMENTS: **38DD-26-36** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Cowgirl** | TWITTER: **@NoelleEaston**

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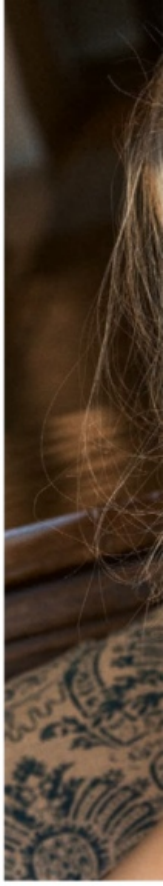
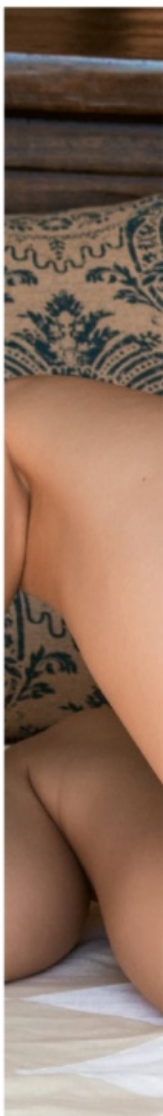
I REMEMBER BEFORE WE GOT MARRIED, YOU'D NEVER USE PROFANITY, BUT NOW IT'S GODDAMN THIS AND MOTHERFUCKER THAT!
YEAH, AND IT'S A GODDAMN SHAME WHAT MARRIAGE DOES TO A MOTHERFUCKER!
WINNERS

ALLI
RAE
INSATIABLE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

I have an insatiable appetite for experiencing it all, good and bad. That's why I tried porn. I wanted to see what it was like. It made me realize I'm not fucking crazy. It's natural to like sex! Right now I'm saving up to travel to Europe and take surfing lessons. But someday I really want to buy both of my parents houses."

I truly love fucking, especially giving blowjobs. It's easy to pound out a rough quickie, but a partner who excites my soul will steal my heart. It's very easy for me to orgasm. Sometimes I'll be having sex, and I'll ask the guy, 'Are you going to come?' He'll say, 'You came already?' 'Yeah, like five times, dude!' When a guy sprays, I like it in my mouth. The pop-shot is the cherry on top. I want that stuff; I worked for it!"

Pop culture trends I try to avoid:
1) Instagramming my food.
2) Dressing like a 1920s' drifter.
3) Reading memoirs written by people younger than 40.
4) Having a podcast/Periscope.
5) Any TV show reboot.
6) 'I Woke Up Like This' shirts.
7) Spending all my money pretending to look rich."

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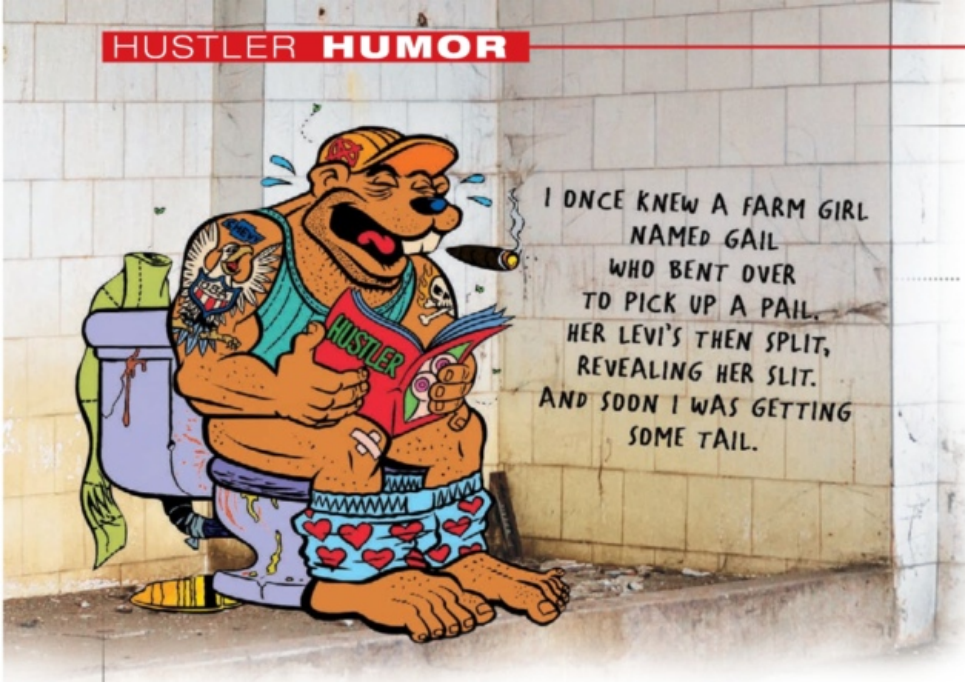
CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER.
COST $3.99/MINUTE.
Excite me!
xoxo,
Alli

ALLI'S VITAL FACTS
HOMETOWN: Weston, West Virgina | AGE: 20
HEIGHT: 5-6 | MEASUREMENTS: 34C-27-36
FAVORITE POSITION: Missionary
TWITTER: @TheRealAlliRae



After his divorce, Larry found himself in the strange position of having to buy condoms, something he hadn't had to do for over 30 years. Overwhelmed by the vast selection at his local drugstore, Larry turned to the man behind the counter for advice.

The pharmacist took Larry through the contraceptive aisle, extolling the virtues of latex, ribbed, lubricated, nonlubricated, colored, flavored, glow-in-the-dark, magnum-size and more until finally Larry asked him to stop.

"Can you just tell me what you'd recommend?" whispered Larry.

"The condom made of lamb intestine," replied the pharmacist. "It has a very natural feel."

Larry took a distrustful step back. "Not to us city boys!"

Question: What do you call a prostitute with her hand up her skirt?

Answer: Self-employed.

An Israeli man went to visit his brother in the hospital. When he saw that his brother's private parts were wrapped in large bandages, he exclaimed, "Benny! What happened to you?"

His brother looked sheepish. "I went to a sex shop the other day and bought a Palestinian sex doll. When I got home with it, the fucking thing blew itself up!"

John was in an airport restroom, sitting on a toilet when the guy in the next stall called out, "Hi! How the hell are you?"

"Um, good, I guess," said John.

"So what are you up to?" asked the other man.

Not wanting to appear unfriendly, John explained hesitantly, "I'm traveling to Phoenix on business."

"Mind if I stop over? I can make it really quick, but I'd really like to see you."

"What? Why the hell would you do that? Stay right where you are!"

"Hey, I'll call you back," said the man in the next stall. "The fucking dipshit next door keeps talking to me."

Question: What's the best part about having a female boss?

Answer: You make more money than she does.

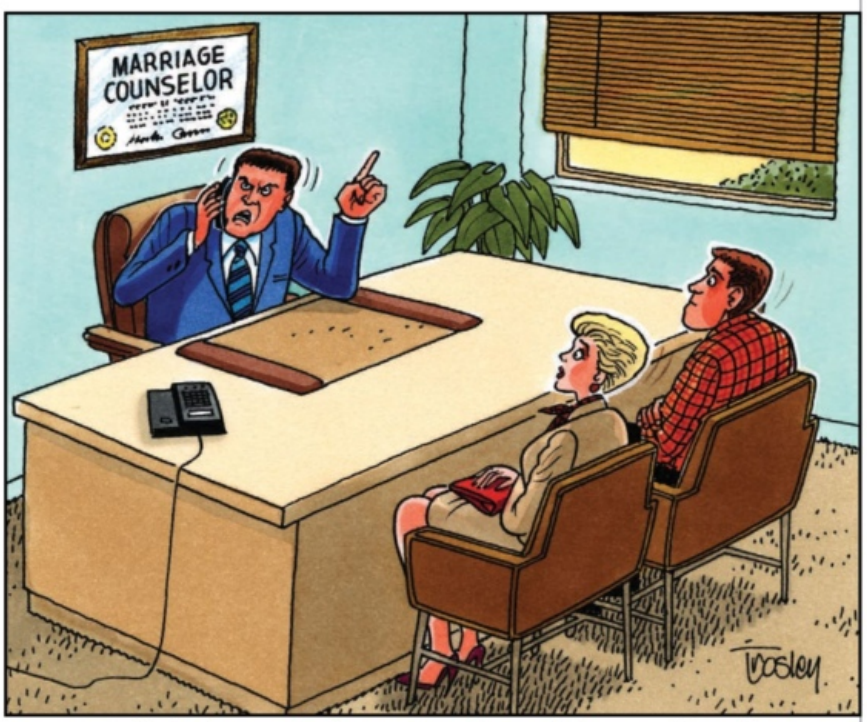
Jessica decided it would be nice to volunteer at nursing homes and hospitals. So she took her keyboard along to the local nursing home, where she sat at patients' bedsides singing songs and telling jokes. Bidding the bedridden farewell, the young woman said, "I hope you get better."

Replied one elderly man, "I hope you get fucking better too!"

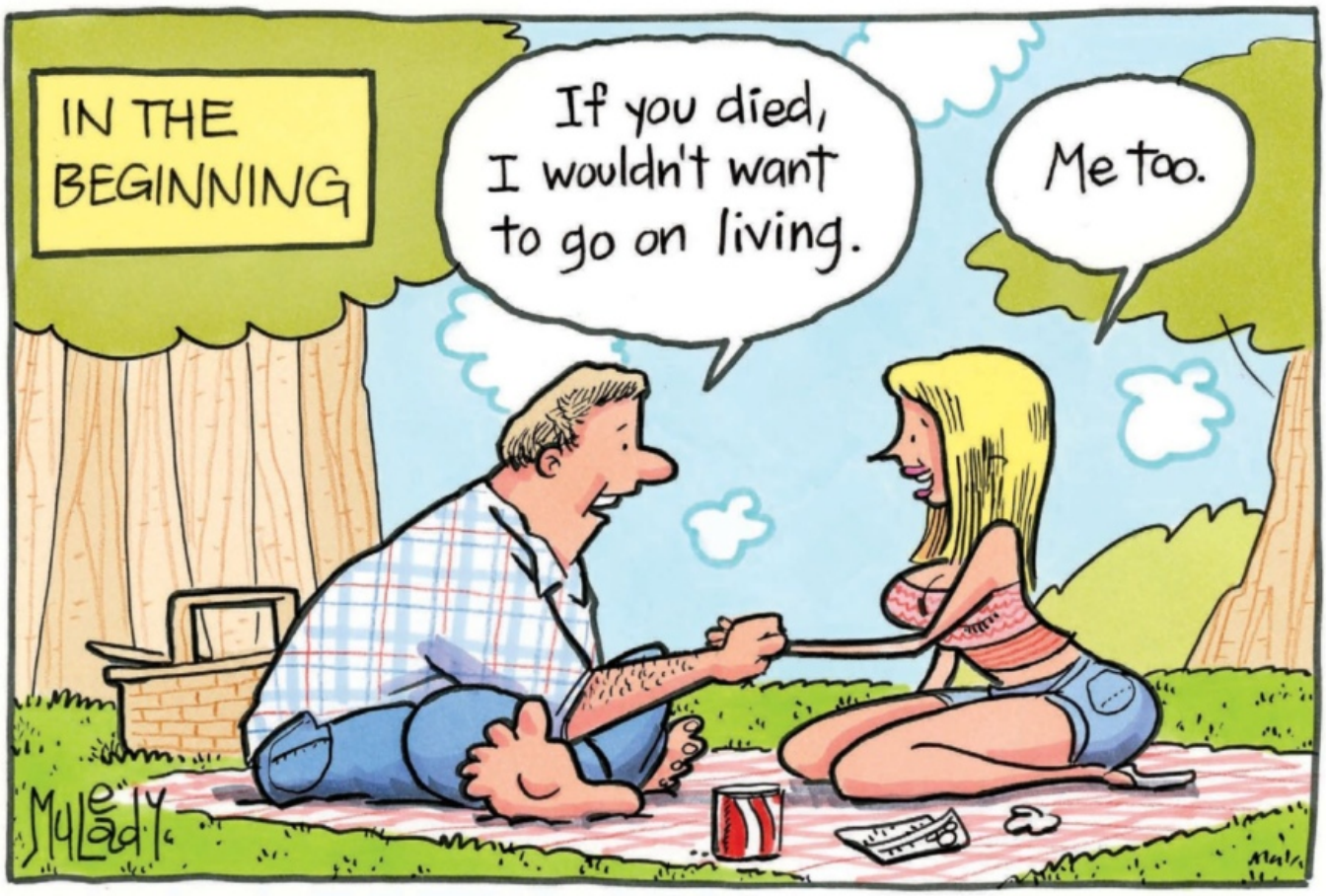
Question: What is the most common cause of cancer in rats?

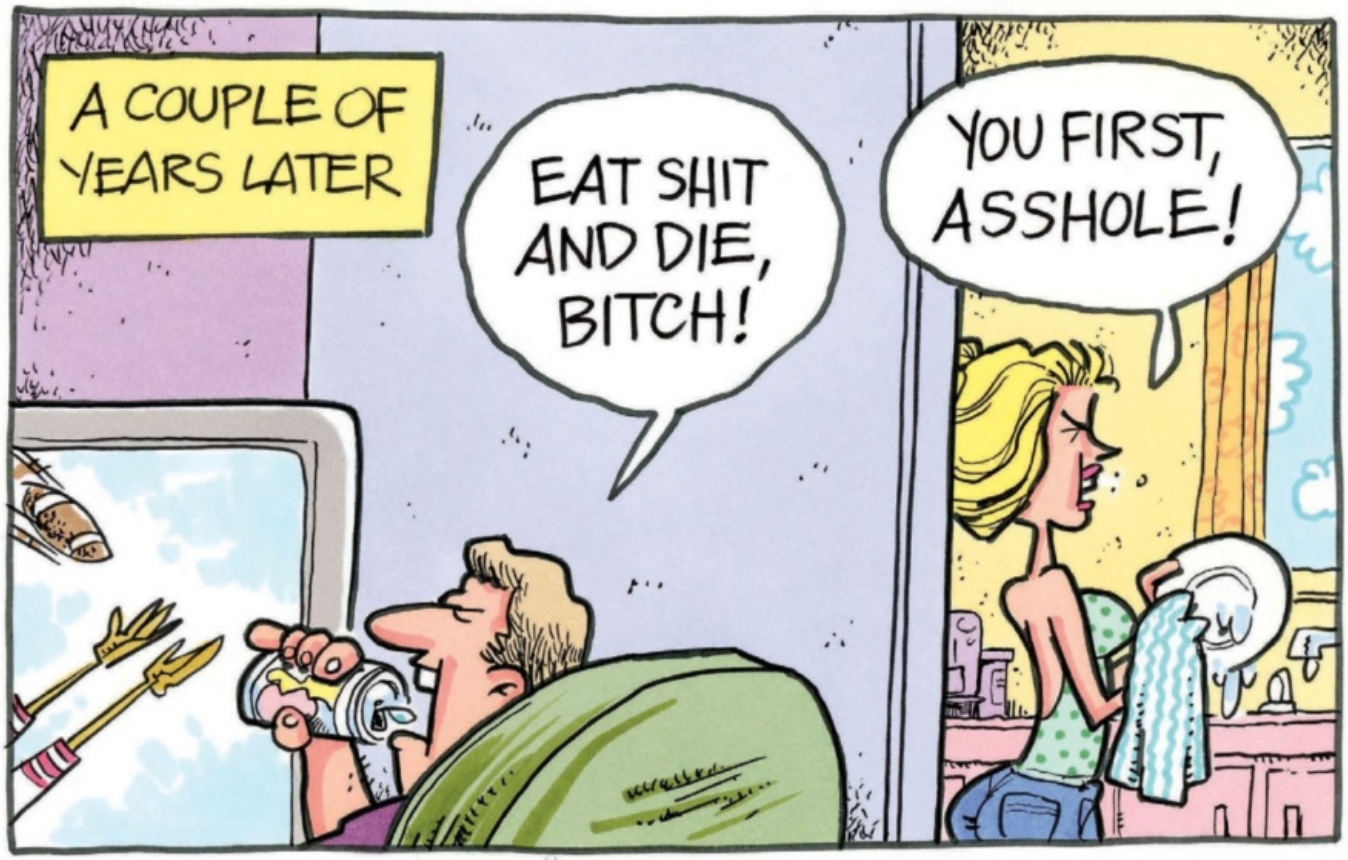
Answer: Human researchers.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



Well, fuck you, Delores, you fat middle-aged bitch! And, hey, your mother has been giving me blowjobs since the fucking day she moved in with us!"


IN THE BEGINNING
If you died, I wouldn't want to go on living.
Me too.
Mule Lady


A COUPLE OF YEARS LATER
EAT SHIT AND DIE, BITCH!
YOU FIRST, ASSHOLE!

THUNDER SNOW CONE

CIRCUS FREAKS

COME ONE, COME ALL!

FEAST YOUR EYES ON THE SEXY SIDESHOW THAT IS THUNDER SNOW CONE—PHILADELPHIA'S OWN TRAVELING CLOWN TRIO. SMURFASAUR, SCARLETT STORM AND MIKEY MANGORILLA HAVE BEEN INSPIRING CLOWN FETISHES AND SPREADING AWKWARD BONERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. YOU DEFINITELY WANT TO RUN AWAY WITH THIS CIRCUS, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO JUGGLE, DRINK AND PEE—SIMULTANEOUSLY! THESE LOVABLE CARNIES GUSH TO HUSTLER ABOUT MOUTH-STICKING, COTTON CANDY ORGASMS AND HOW TO PROTECT YOURSELF FROM SPACE AIDS.

INTERVIEW & PHOTOGRAPHY BY KELLY WEBB

HUSTLER: What can we expect to see at a Thunder Snow Cone show?

SCARLETT: We are the number one cat- *and* ice-cream-themed circus in the world! I realize it's a bold claim, and I hope someday another cat and ice-cream circus will challenge us to a melty meow-off for the title. Our show is a little bit of everything...except music. Well, we do have one song, so far. It's performed on a plastic cat piano that meows. Cat piano is the real star of the show. We have a "history" that we work in as well. In this version of reality, Smurf and I are twins from the past who were fathered by John Waters and a truck driver during a night of "Quaaludes and butt-stuff" that no one can quite remember. It's a sort of overdramatized back story that is at least 50% true… Onstage I do burlesque, machete ladder, broken glass and the awkward-boner-inspiring "cock ring toss," among other things. My official titles are The Mistress of Whimsy and The Circus Squeal.

SMURFASAUR: My acts are balancing on the tops of bottles on ballet-point shoes and aerial hoop mostly!

MIKEY: I pretend to do dangerous things, juggle a little bit and tell jokes while introducing other acts. All while trying to walk the fine line between juggler drunk and emcee drunk. I'm also the World's Most *Un*successful Banana Wrangler.

So you just finished your Escape the Pope Tour?

SCARLETT: Yeah, we had two shows that were back-to-back in Valdosta and Athens, in Georgia, at some venues that we always love to tour, because they're really fun and they always hook us up. It was great. I just messaged the guy we know, saying, "We want to get out of town because the Pope's coming! So can you throw us on some shows?"

Don't you think the Pope would like to see some clown business going down?

SCARLETT: I do think we need his blessing. We *definitely* need to get the Pope's blessing. Throw some confetti at him, holy confetti. Ask him to bless our confetti so that when we travel the country and throw it at people, they can also receive the blessing.

MIKEY: Can he make sure that these props never fall on the ground again? Use the hand of the Holy Ghost to bring them back into my hand. >>

SMURFASAUR: Bless all my juggling props; bless my body so I don't fall.
SCARLETT: Bless our tour vehicles so they don't break down.

How long do you guys spend on the road?
SCARLETT: It depends. Usually anywhere between like ten days to a month and a half, depending on the tour. But the part that makes it seem longer is, a lot of the year we've had a tour and then a break for about a week or two and then another tour—so it's different tours, but they're all packed really close together. The first six months of the year we were on the road more than we were home.

The Winter Whimsy Tour that we did last January was our first tour as Thunder Snow Cone. Like the Escape the Pope tour, it was kind of a tour of necessity: *The weather is really bad, so let's book a tour so we can go to New Orleans and hang out down there.* It went really well. We're going to do it again this year, around the same time of the year.
SMURFASAUR: Maybe for longer.

Where are some of your favorite places to visit, the clown-friendly towns?
MIKEY: Chattanooga is always a good place. We did a sideshow-like festival, the first annual one there.
SCARLETT: An extravaganza.

Do you have one festival you hate to miss?
MIKEY: As far as juggling festivals go, I like the IJA [International Jugglers' Association] festival. Also this year's Philadelphia Juggling Festival was really fun.

You guys perform with Cut Throat Freak Show?
SCARLETT: Yeah, we do a lot of stuff with them.
MIKEY: She's an official member, Scarlett.
SCARLETT: I'm just double-teaming, double time with Cut Throat Freak Show and Thunder Snow Cone.
SMURFASAUR: And I double-team with Disgraceland Family Freakshow and Thunder Snow Cone.
SCARLETT: And Mikey was in The Humboldt Circus when he was living in California. So we all have multiple affiliations with cool carnie people. For our second annual Winter Whimsy Tour, coming to the southern U.S. in January, it'll be a coast-to-coast clown connection of traveling weirdos! And last year we did the Oddball Comedy Festival with performers from all around the country. That's where we met Mikey actually. Since then we try to team up with carnie friends when our travels cross paths.

What is it like to be on the road with those guys?
SCARLETT: These people are all so much fun to work with!
MIKEY: We had a lot of parking lot parties. Those are always fun.
SCARLETT: We were all in one of those big, giant construction vans that had just like rows and rows of seats, and then people would pull over and pee, smoke and drink somehow simultaneously.
SMURFASAUR: We'd be like, "Can you drink and juggle?"
MIKEY: And then we show up to the venue and set up our tent and take a nap or a shower, depending on which one was needed more.
SCARLETT: The first day that we met Mikey, we met up with the tour after he had already been going for a couple of weeks. So we're asking around, "Hey, where is everyone—where is the freak show?" They're like, "Well, they're all just kind of sleeping...everywhere."
SMURFASAUR: So we thought they were joking, and then we're walking by, and somebody is just sleeping with no blankets, no pillows or nothing—just lying down on the grass behind us between two trailers. I'm like, "Oh, okay."
MIKEY: You got to find the shade. You know, it's summertime.
SCARLETT: When we were on our Strip Down Throw Down tour in June, we stayed at this house called the Black Hole Bordello in Atlanta, where a bunch of other performers lived, and they have a lot of dogs—which was awesome for Smurf, because she loves dogs. They had little circus things everywhere, and they gave Mikey a magical wizard vest-robe.

A wizard vest-robe?
SCARLETT: Yeah! We were talking about how Mikey needed some fabulous stagewear so he could be whimsical too, and *poof!* one of the guys disappeared into a room and reappeared a few moments later with a long vest that was very wizard glam. It was a reversible rainbow in the dark, maroon on one side and black on the other, with shiny rainbow patterns all over.
SMURFASAUR: I think everyone has a wizard story! I was in Alabama once, and a wizard gave me a crystal. When I told my friend, he told me never to take meth from the KKK again. He did not understand that I was being literal.
SCARLETT: #googlemywizarddong.
SMURFASAUR: One of the clowns also gave me magic beads to put in my hair because I like magic beads. And now they're stuck in my hair, and they'll live there forever.
SCARLETT: Another clown gave me some eyelashes, and she called them "clown spiders." Like big, long, fake lashes. Clown spiders. If you leave them around backstage after a show or something and somebody else sees them out of the corner of their eye, they sort of look like a spider. Many people have jumped like, "I saw a spider—oh, it's just your eyelashes."
SMURFASAUR: The other day I was at a shoot, and the hairstylist was doing my hair—well, sort of, because I have dreadlocks—but she's like, "Do you know you have a fake eyelash strip stuck in one of your dreadlocks?" I was like, "No, I don't. But can I have it back?"
MIKEY: Yeah, I think you should make one an eyelash dread.
SCARLETT: Yeah, you can just put a bunch of eyelashes in there and attach them with weave glue and sort of make it part of you.
MIKEY: The look on her face says no.
SMURFASAUR: No.
SCARLETT: But it could be *dreadfully* fashionable.

How do you choose your wardrobe? Do you have any favorite costumes?
SCARLETT: We make most of our costumes and find pieces to make them better along the way. Vintage and thrift shops are great for finding treasures. I make pasties from buckram—a stiff mesh originally used in hat making—and whatever else I want. Rhinestones and tassels mostly, but I love using googley eyes, pom-poms, shells and more!
MIKEY: For me, it's all about the ties.
SMURFASAUR: I can't believe you broke your brand-new balloon suspenders.
SCARLETT: You could always just use real balloons, like the long balloons, and just tie them on.
SMURFASAUR: Well, right now they're held with the side piece to a G-string. So that's pretty cool.

Do you have any new acts you're working on?
SCARLETT: A lot of things. >>

A ROOM FULL OF
DRUNK, HAPPY PEOPLE
IS IDEAL.

SPERM
HOT BABES
DOING WEIRD STUFF – I'M TOTALLY INTO THAT.
THE MORE THE MERRIER.

MIKEY: Smurf and I did a clown act for the Juggling Festival Show here in Philadelphia. I just try and write jokes and put them in the act.
SMURFASAUR: Yeah. I've been working on many things. Mostly mouth-sticking is my new thing.

What's mouth-sticking?
SMURFASAUR: It's like a wooden stick with a mouth-piece that you hold in your mouth, so you can balance balls on it. As of now, I have like a trick. One. One single one.
SCARLETT: We work on skills, but I guess—I don't know, for me, more than anything else, the actual acts come out of just sitting around, bullshitting. Or like a drunken night out or some random thing that happens gives me an idea for an act. It's all very sporadic and very all over the place.
MIKEY: Yeah, I'm always writing jokes in my phone or in a notebook in my pocket. Every once in a while I transfer it to a larger thing and puzzle it together in some way.
SMURFASAUR: My problem with new acts always seems to be that I never really quite have the skill that I need for the acts.
MIKEY: You get it though.

What are some of those skills?
SMURFASAUR: Well, like the bottle-walking. Somebody else gave me the idea, "Hey, can you do this?" I was like, "Eh, probably not, but I'll try." And I just kept trying, and it took a couple of months.

What's bottle-walking?
SMURFASAUR: There is a row of bottles fitted into wood, and I balance on the tops of them on point. There is no trick. I just kept trying until I could do it. All I have to do is stretch out my legs and feet. It hurts. I have never been a ballet dancer, so it sucks bad.
MIKEY: And now she's our swoll-erina.
SCARLETT: The buff bird. The really buff bird.
SMURFASAUR: The buffest of birds.
SCARLETT: Princess Protein.
MIKEY: Haha, Princess Protein.
SCARLETT: Can we make you a sash that says that?
SMURFASAUR: Yeah! Can I have a tiara that's made of just Muscle Milks?
SCARLETT: You can have a tiara that's just muscles. Like get a bunch of G.I. Joe kind of action figures and take all their arms off and make them into a tiara.
MIKEY: Oh, yeah!

Has anything embarrassing ever happened to you onstage, like a trick that went horribly awry?
SMURFASAUR: At one bar an air conditioner vent fell out of the ceiling, swung around and hit me while I was performing. Luckily I didn't get hurt.
SCARLETT: Once I picked up my bucket of broken glass and the handle came off, spilling glass all over

the stage, everywhere except on the fabric where it needed to land. That and the occasional pastie pop—but that's just spicy, not embarrassing!
MIKEY: Going way back, I was trying to do a silly trick with a juggling ring hanging from my ear while holding a mug of "circus soda." Long story short, I spilled a foamy mess of what I tried to pass off as water, much to the chagrin of our stage manager, Hat Guy. The Humboldt Circus has a drug- and alcohol-free image to maintain. Oops.

How long have you been juggling?
MIKEY: Seven years.

What is the strangest thing you've ever juggled?
MIKEY: A strawberry-scented double-sided dildo.

Do you have any preshow clown rituals or anything you do before going onstage?
SMURFASAUR: The only thing I need to do before the show is really stretch for at least 20 minutes.
SCARLETT: We should have a preshow clown ritual.
MIKEY: Something like group love, all hands in, you know. Usually it's just make sure the sound works and the lights are on. That's usually good.
SCARLETT: Make sure that there is confetti everywhere. All the pockets are full of confetti.
MIKEY: Yeah, that's true. There's varying degrees of readiness as far as the venues are concerned, so it's like making sure we can play our music, that's what is important.
SCARLETT: We run into obstacles, and so we have to improvise a lot. Like when they didn't have enough microphones for everyone because they also had a band and other entertainment too. So Mikey just had to yell a lot.
MIKEY: There was a lot of standing on a chair and waving my arms—"Pay attention to me!"
SCARLETT: Yeah, they'll understand his big, big, happy arm movements.
MIKEY: And then I walked around the crowd like, "You know my mouth is moving, and just pretend really funny things are coming out if you can't hear what I'm saying."
SCARLETT: I'm sure they remember really funny things that weren't actually said. Like, "Yeah! There were jokes...I think. Maybe." They were really drunk.

How are the crowds? Do they get pretty rowdy?
SCARLETT: It depends where we are. A room full of drunk, happy people is ideal. >>

SMURFASAUR: Remember the time we did a show and everybody just golf-clapped because it was a nice theater? We were like, "Where is the rowdy?"
SCARLETT: Yeah, we also got to perform on half a pirate ship. They were doing some play that involves having a pirate ship. They had a whole set of a ship that was built, but it was open so we would face the audience, and we got to do our show on it. It was the ship-iest show we ever did!

Which joke gets the biggest laugh onstage?
MIKEY: My Neanderthal friend was about to call his ex-girlfriend, so I told him, "Don't cave, man." Are giant bonsais just regular trees?
SMURFASAUR: Why did the scarecrow get a raise? He was out standing in his field!

Do you get dudes coming up to you guys after the show who are way too into clowns? Mikey, do you have to fend guys off?
MIKEY: Yeah, all the time.
SCARLETT: I think we've inspired some clown fetishes. That's the most common reaction. People will either come up to us after the show or message us after and be like, "I was never into clowns before, but maybe now I am! Hmm!" So, yeah, we're spreading awkward boners across the country.
MIKEY: I think a lot of dudes come up and talk, but the girls also have art for sale, so they can bring a little bit of clown home with them. That's always a good thing.

What does it take to date a clown like yourself?
MIKEY: You got to be able to handle puns.
SCARLETT: Yes!
SMURFASAUR: You have to be good at making puns.
SCARLETT: Puns are definitely a quality I look for in a partner.
SMURFASAUR: Yeah, if you can't pun, then—

SCARLETT: —then, no, it's not gonna happen.
SMURFASAUR: I guess, considering my track record, you also got to be able to juggle.
MIKEY: Yeah, juggling is in a higher echelon of lovers.
SMURFASAUR: But can you juggle while masturbating?
MIKEY: Oh, that's the ultimate, yeah.
SMURFASAUR: Can you juggle while having sex?
MIKEY: Uh, yes.
SCARLETT: It's a challenge. Where does that originate, the juggling and sex challenge? It's a legend, I guess. Made its way around the carnie circle.
MIKEY: Juggle while masturbating onstage.
SMURFASAUR: It's all onstage.
MIKEY: You got to finish though, but not drop.
SCARLETT: Not drop your dick or your balls?
SMURFASAUR: Not drop the cum, not drop the balls, not drop the dick—
MIKEY: Well, I don't know. There's lot of variables.
SMURFASAUR: Do you have to also shoot it like into your own mouth?
MIKEY: Yes. Now you do.
SMURFASAUR: You'll have to balance a cup on your forehead while masturbating, while juggling, and shoot the cum into the cup that is balanced on your head.
MIKEY: See, we are working on new tricks.

Has a lover ever asked you to keep your makeup on during sex?
SCARLETT: I've had that happen—I've also had them ask me to take it off before sex, and I said "No!" I was like, "You either do it this way or not at all!" That's where fear boners come in.

So how many fear boners do you think you've given on a tour?
SMURFASAUR: So many.
SCARLETT: I don't know. Bananas. I don't know. I don't think you can count that with numbers.

Would you rather bang Krusty the Clown or a Killer Klown From Outer Space?
SMURFASAUR: Killer Klown From Outer Space.
SCARLETT: Would you get to do it on the spaceship? That's my rea-

soning—like I want to go on the spaceship and bang clowns.
SMURFASAUR: Although if I do bang a Killer Klown From Outer Space, can I wear a tinfoil hat?

You should use protection.
SMURFASAUR: You need to protect yourself from mind readers.
SCARLETT: Who knows what kind of Space AIDS they have.
MIKEY: I'd also pick Killer Klowns—just for science, you know.
SCARLETT: Maybe if they're impressed with our sex skills enough, they can take us back to their planet. I kind of want to see the clown planet.
SMURFASAUR: Do I get cotton candy?
SCARLETT: Do they come cotton candy?
SMURFASAUR: That would probably make a mess. How many infections would you get with someone who came cotton candy?
SCARLETT: Why am I sticky?!
SMURFASAUR: Very, very sticky and kind of itchy.
SCARLETT: Aww...

What do clowns eat—besides children?
SCARLETT: When we are on tour, there usually aren't many children around, so our rations are limited to mostly Taco Bell and PBR.
SMURFASAUR: I'm a vegetarian and picky eater, so a lot of sides. I'm working on a book called *Potato Salad Across America*, which is pretty much what you would expect. I photograph, eat and rate potato salad from different places we find on our travels. So far the best was in NYC at a place called Cafe Himalaya. New Jersey definitely has the worst potato salad. With all the diners they have, you would think they would get it right, but nope.

Do you guys have characters you play onstage, or is it just kind of an extension of your own personality?
SCARLETT: We have different things for different shows, different tours. Like the Winter Whimsy Tour, I tried to have acts that were related to ice or wintertime or snow, but I mean, that's not necessarily my character, just themes.
SMURFASAUR: My stage personality is mostly just myself. I'm known as the clumsiest woman in show business, and that's definitely true.
SCARLETT: And the swoll-erina! I think our stage personas are just extensions and amplifications of our usual selves.
MIKEY: Yeah, definitely. When you walk onstage, you're like, "Yeah!" And then you step offstage, and you're like [exhales], "I need a glass of water. Or beer. Or both."
SCARLETT: I would like some rum.

Tattooed girls and alt girls have kind of come into the mainstream. What do you guys think of that?
SCARLETT: Hot babes doing weird stuff—I'm totally into that. The more the merrier. It definitely seems like the clown thing is kind of like gotten really popular lately, which is cool. I love clowns. I think clowns are the new zombies.

Totally.
SCARLETT: That's what everyone wants to dress up as. Whether you actually do tricks or not, it's a look that is really popular.
MIKEY: But the face paint doesn't make the clown. You gotta like back it up with jokes and silly.

Do you have any advice for young aspiring clowns?
MIKEY: My stage character is an exaggeration of myself, so find what you think about yourself that is funny and amplify it.
SCARLETT: Follow your dreams and powder your grease paint! Or better yet, don't use it at all. There are some wonderful alternatives that are much better for your skin. We use Wolfe FX Hydrocolor white.
SMURF: Learn more than one skill—learn a bunch of new things! But practice at least one of them every day!

How do we find out about new Thunder Snow Cone shows coming up?
MIKEY: You can find us all on the internet under @MikeyMangorilla, @Smurfasaur, @ScarlettStorm or @ThunderSnowCone. H

A special thanks to Tattooed Mom, the local Philly watering hole for thirsty clowns and the location for this shoot.

SMURFASAUR & SCARLETT STORM

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WINNERS

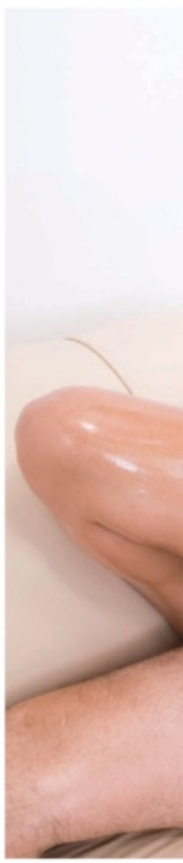
AUGUST AMES

BIG WET BREASTS 2

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: WILLIAM H. STARRING: AUGUST AMES, CASSIDY BANKS, ASHLEY ADAMS, KATRINA JADE, JAMES DEEN, ERIK EVERHARD, MANUEL FERRARA & CHRIS STROKES.

Tits. Mammary glands. Sweater puppies. They kept you alive as a kid, when you were sucking on Mom's nips, and chances are you still can't live without them. *Big Wet Breasts 2* delivers the dairy domes in spades, covered with enough oil to ensure that we'll be at war in the Middle East for a long, long time. The video kicks off with August Ames, whose proud milk mounds jut skyward as if they were a testament to God that, yes, He did the right thing in creating them. Ames oils up her tits and slips her partner's lucky prick between them. She then squeals her way through a good, deep dicking while her knockers slap together like clappers in a church bell just before noon on Sunday. Ashley Adams isn't the most attractive woman to ever walk the Earth, but her slicked-up, pendulous globes do a solid job of diverting attention from her face, and she earns extra credit for burying her beak in her man's shitpit and giving him a spirited rimjob. Stacked, exotic sexpot Katrina Jade is enticing, even though the spiderweb tattoo on her temple will leave you wondering which correctional facility she might have done time in before she wandered onto the set. But that's a fairly minor quibble—and perhaps a bonus, depending on one's taste. Bottom line: If you like your knockers big, natural and ready to boob-fuck, *Big Wet Breasts 2* is the tits. **—Pico D. Ribibi**

CASSIDY BANKS



KATRINA JADE

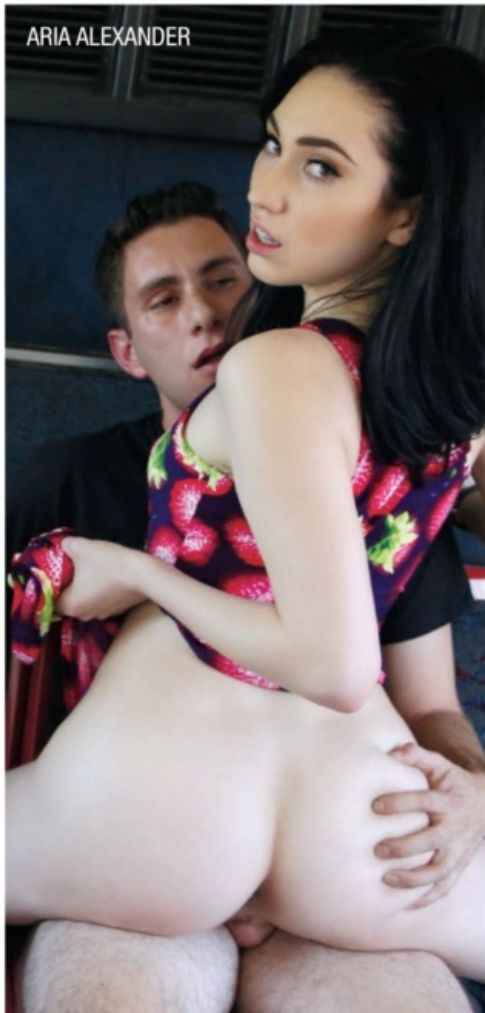
ASHLEY ADAMS

ASS TRANSIT

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: LOS SCANDALOUS. STARRING: NATALIA STARR, ANASTASIA BLACK, ARIA ALEXANDER, ASHLEY ADAMS, CAMILLE LIXX, KARMEN BELLA, BRAD KNIGHT, DAMON DICE, WESTON WHITE & STEVE RODGERS.

For the vast unwashed masses, sexual experiences on public transportation involve watching a veiny-titted crack whore suck a homeless dude's dick on the back seat of a Metro bus in exchange for a couple of tokens and a swig of Thunderbird. *Ass Transit* offers a less sleazy but still arousing variation on the theme. The video kicks off with a scraggly guy getting on a bus and whipping his limp weenie in back while filming his masturbatory efforts with a cell phone. (Hey, don't judge—we've all been there.) He eventually attracts the attention of a comely brunette, who tugs on his meat while the other commuters promptly move to the front of the bus—sex segregation. Unless there's been a recent rash of public-transportation rutting that's somehow eluded the news media, these couplings are no doubt staged, but it's a convincing illusion. And while it will give hope to any guy who's fantasized about boning the hot chick across the aisle from him, it will also give pause to the poor schlub who's wary of boarding the bus for his morning commute and plopping down in a puddle of some other dude's nut-scuzz. Even so, the sex is boner-inducing, the execution is solid, and the concept boasts an everyman appeal. *Ass Transit* will have viewers pulling at the cords between their legs as they get off. **—P.D.R.**

NATALIA STARR



ARIA ALEXANDER

ASHLEY ADAMS & CAMILLE LIXX

ANASTASIA BLACK

KARMEN BELLA

HARUKA

CARMELLA SANTIAGO

BUSH SUPPORTER

HUSTLER VIDEO. STARRING: KIMBERLY GATES, CARMELLA SANTIAGO, KACI STARR, RENAE CRUZ, HARUKA, T.J. CUMMINGS, AARON WILCOX, ALEX GONZ, SERGIO, JOHN STRONG & VALENTINO.

Grab your pith helmet and polish your meat machete; *Bush Supporter* will take you on an expedition through Crotch Jungle, where the women are as untamed as the thick thatches between their thighs. The journey begins with petite, bushy brunette Kimberly Gates, whose martial-arts lesson goes awry when she kicks her instructor in the groin. She administers first aid, her lips affixing to his swollen mast with a kung fu grip. An athletic bout of screw-jitsu ensues, with Gates' fur-topped gash gripping her sensei's flesh wand in a squishy chokehold. It's a refreshing change of pace in an era when most porn princesses shear their slits to a barren wasteland. Dusky jizz-catcher Carmella Santiago likewise sports an impressive thicket of wool around her girl-gulch as she rides her partner's prick until her fleece gleams with sweat and pussy juice. Fresh-faced waif Kaci Starr, who barely looks old enough to have grown the thick bramble between her legs, barters for some auto bodywork with a slobbery blowjob and a slippery ride in her unkempt love tunnel. Renae Cruz, an exotic, curly-tressed fuckdoll, takes a double-stuffing from a pair of pricks in a tag-team frenzy. The cavalcade of shaggy sex concludes with Asian sperm-target Haruka, whose furry fortune cookie gets cracked by creepy cock-slinger Valentino—but not before she swabs his asshole with her tongue. For viewers who enjoy putting themselves in hairy situations, *Bush Supporter* will leave them ready for some bushwhacking. To put yourself in the thick of things, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. **—P.D.R.**

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Not too long ago, I was what people would call a slut. Really, I liked to have sex with new people all the time. It gave me an adrenaline rush like nothing else. But I found out there's more to sex than fucking. If you have a connection with someone, it's usually way better.

"So I have a different outlook now. I don't just fuck everyone. Now I look for chemistry. I try to get to know people. In the mean-time, if I need adrenaline, I go jogging and lift weights. I love it. Not as much as I love sex of course! But I think in the long run it might pay to be a little more choosy. I know what my soul mate looks like. I just haven't met him yet."

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BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

VESPER LYNN

"I think the human form is a beautiful thing and should be embraced and celebrated," avows Vesper Lynn, who'll be celebrating her 25th birthday in March. The "captivating, open-minded and passionate" freelance writer from Arcadia, California, can't wait: "Every birthday I fly somewhere new and spoil myself with the VIP treatment. That's definitely a turn-on." Vesper wouldn't have come our way if she didn't enjoy turning men on with her naked body, but what really knocks the hottie's socks off is the human mind. "I classify myself as a sapiosexual," the 5-foot-3 international-travel and reading buff explains. "I'm only attracted to a man or woman if I'm intellectually turned on." Possessive mates are also strictly forbidden: "I live by the words of Buddhist monk Thich Nhat Hanh, who wrote, 'You must love in such a way that the person you love feels free.' My favorite sexual partner by far is my beloved Hitachi." Finally, Vesper loves listening to Sade—"Her voice is amazing!"—and watching movies. Her faves are *The Boondock Saints*, *Amélie* and *Limitless*. But despite being blessed with a bubble butt, Vesper isn't keen on backdoor boning: "I believe anal sex is a perfectly good waste of a vaginal orgasm." —*Photos by Friend*

"My fantasy is to go to more sex clubs as a voyeur. Of course I'll be in my birthday suit. I'm very comfortable with my naked body!"

BRIANNA

This "outgoing, bubbly, bisexual and flirtatious" office manager from Centennial, Colorado, wastes no time filling us in on her virtues. "I'm a great wife because I cook, clean, make my own money and am ready to please someone anywhere and anytime," boasts 22-year-old Brianna. "Some mornings I like to get up early and head to the kitchen while my husband is still asleep. Then, before running off to work or a hike, I'll deliver breakfast in bed and a blowjob." The 5-foot-5 neophyte's other kicks include crafts, drawing, Facebook, thrift-store shopping, watching TV (primarily *Bones*, *Empire*, *How to Get Away With Murder* and *Black-ish*) and grooving to the music of P!nk, Lindsey Stirling, Metallica and Skrillex. Before splitting, Brianna elaborates on her sexuality: "I'm very seductive and submissive. I love riding a cock, but my favorite thing is being tied up and taken advantage of." *—Photos by Ron Neumann*

"My sexual fantasy is to be tied up and taken advantage of in the woods."

"Sometimes
I'm breakfast
or dessert
in bed."

HOLLYWOOD

"It's been a dream of mine to appear nude for Larry Flynt," raves this "fun-loving, adventurous and hypersexual" 31-year-old from Sacramento, California. "It's an honor to appear in such a notorious magazine as HUSTLER. It's the ultimate accomplishment. I am a nudist at heart, and my curiosity to try new things sexually is never satisfied!" That's why Hollywood left the transportation biz behind to "work in the oldest profession in the books! It's thrilling, exciting and erotic. I meet so many incredible men." The 5-foot-4 legal courtesan's first "genuine connections" were made at the Sagebrush Ranch in northern Nevada, but she's now a full-access Beaver at the nearby Moonlite BunnyRanch. "I care about people, and I always give 100%," Hollywood asserts. "My down-to-earth personality paired with my curvy figure is sure to fulfill a man's desires spiritually, mentally and sexually. I'm energetic, I'm a squirter, and I love to have my big ass smacked. It just screams for attention!" Away from the grind, Hollywood is "completely hooked" on the TV show *Suits* and is a "huge fan" of the *Fast & Furious* flicks and Mariah Carey—"*the* best musician, hands down, ever! Don't debate me on this. You'll lose." But what Hollywood savors most is being in her birthday suit when guys or gals want to get their hands on her: "Satisfying others lights my fire and makes me smile too." —*Photos by JMR Foto*

"I love being in control, yet there's nothing sweeter than being pampered and spoiled!"

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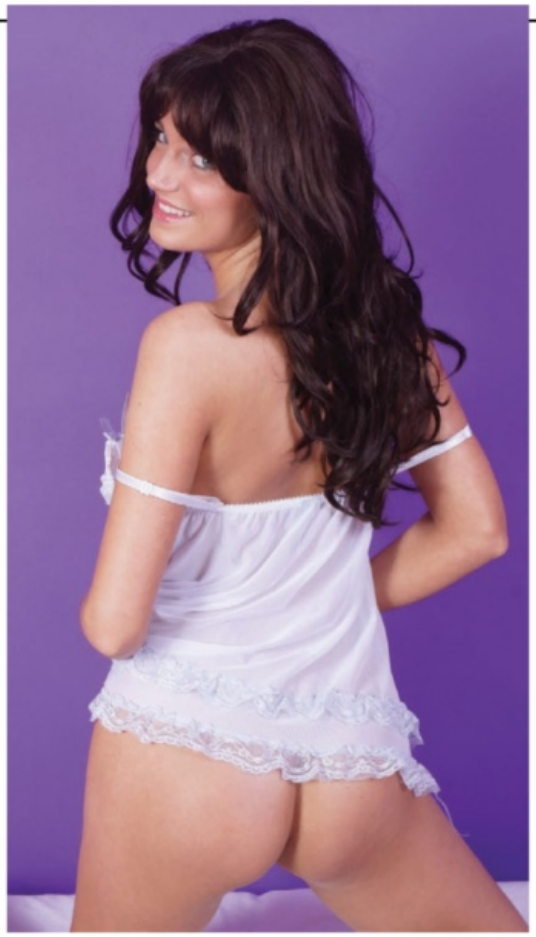

GIA

"I love modeling, and the more opportunities I have, the more confident I become," states Gia, 22, from Chicago, Illinois. A willingness to show off what's tucked between a gal's legs is the ultimate self-confidence test, and the 5-foot-10 newbie has passed with flying colors. Here's the whole ball of wax: "I'm bubbly, outgoing, blunt and honest. I go after what I want—hot guys, cold beers and now HUSTLER. My hobbies are crafts, tanning, playing with my dogs and reading. My favorite TV shows are *Criminal Minds* and *The Vampire Diaries*, my favorite movies are *The Shawshank Redemption* and *Law Abiding Citizen* (or anything else with Gerard Butler), and my music favorites are Meat Loaf, Mariah Carey and Sam Hunt." Have no fear, folks. Gia is a law-abiding Beaver when it comes to baring her intimate fancies: "I'm a lot of fun to be around. I'm seductive by silliness, and I really love reverse cowgirl." How about a fantasy, Gia? "I'd like to have sex on a desk in an office at a busy workplace without anyone else realizing what's going on."

—Photos by DavidKPhoto.com

Facebook.com/Avril.LaSin

AVRIL LA SIN

"Chase your dreams and never look back," professes Avril La Sin, a "brutally honest but spunky and fun" dancer at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club, Las Vegas. "And never let what others think of you bring you down." Avril, a lifelong southern Nevada denizen who'll be blowing out 22 birthday candles in March, is down for revealing more than just her sleek 5-foot-2 bod: "My main hobbies are modeling, webcamming, acting and singing. My all-time fave TV show will always be *Degrassi*, and I love country music and rock—Jason Aldean, Luke Bryan, Hunter Hayes, Bon Jovi, Nirvana and Journey." Thrilled to be seen in HUSTLER Magazine, Avril isn't averse to spilling the beans on her love life. "I am bi and shy at first. When it comes to men, I'm very submissive. As far as females, I'm the dominator. I love foreplay, doggy fucking and being kinky—biting, slight hair-pulling, spanking and choking. I'm not sure why, but I have the best orgasms when a lover's hands are wrapped around my neck." Ms. La Sin wraps things up with her sweet-tooth joys—"Bitches like me love cheesecake and pumpkin shakes!"—and a scholastic flashback: "I don't have a fantasy. I fulfilled mine when I went on a date and made out with my hot biology teacher in tenth grade." *—Photos by Almost Sinful Production*

"I always keep my kitty silky smooth for modeling, webcamming and any lover who wants to chow down."

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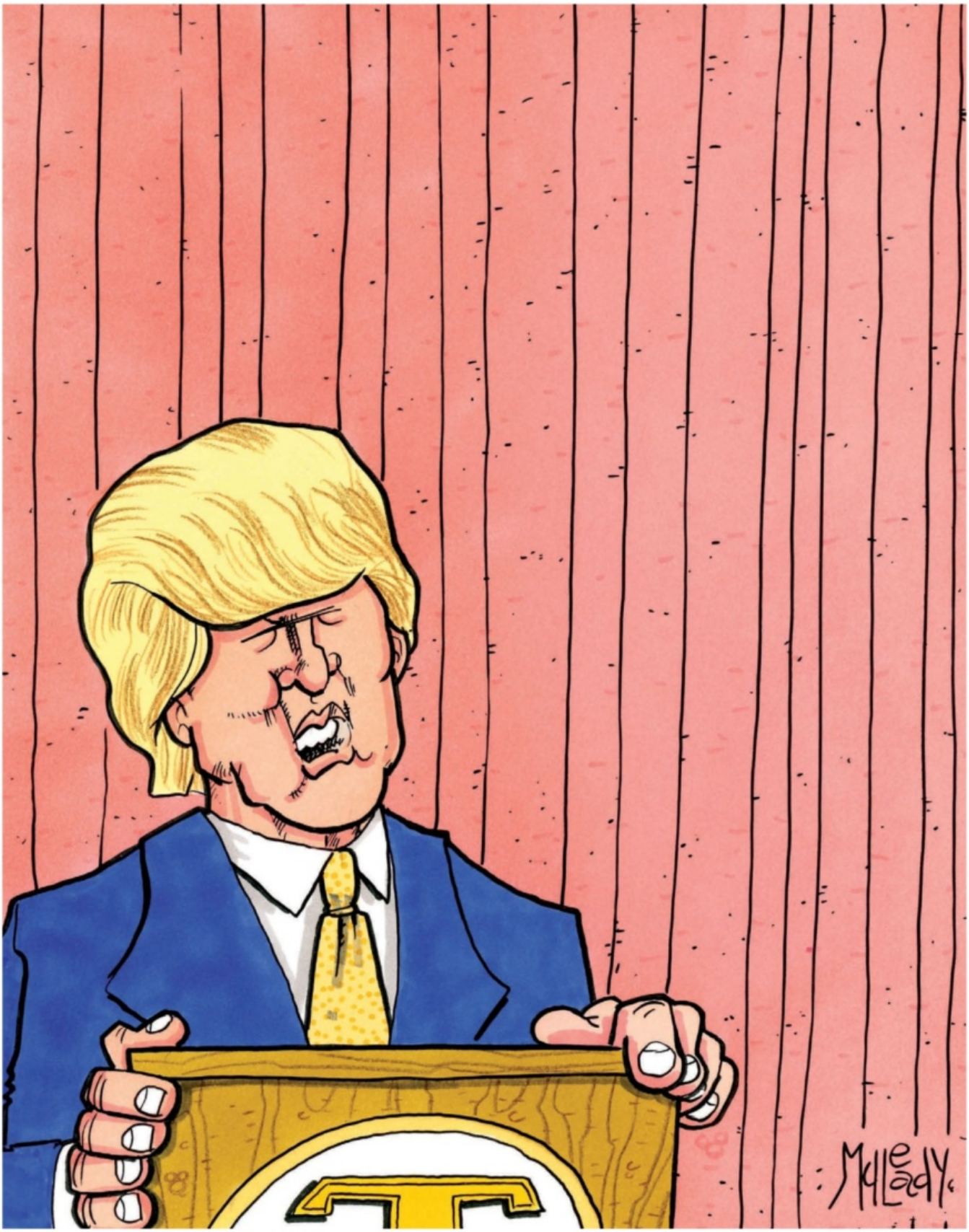

"I didn't have to insinuate that Megyn Kelly bleeds from her pussy. She's a girl, for Christ's sake! Everyone knows she's got a blood flow shooting out of her twat every 30 days!"

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GIA
EASY RIDER
HUSTLER CLASSIC
JUNE 2003
PHOTOGRAPHY
BY MATTI KLATT

Gia is blessed with delectable, saucer-sized nipples and a booty to kill for. The broken-down '76 Chevy Nova Gia depends on is more of a curse. "I may be a HUSTLER model, but I have to get to work on time just like everybody else," Gia says while waiting for the 8:15 to Canoga Park.

"I don't do hitchhiking," Gia insists, "so don't bother offering me a ride. I'm not stuck up or anything. I love screwing strangers, but today I'm saving my pussy for HUSTLER. Somebody has to pay for my car repairs."

COMING SOON

DANICA DILLON

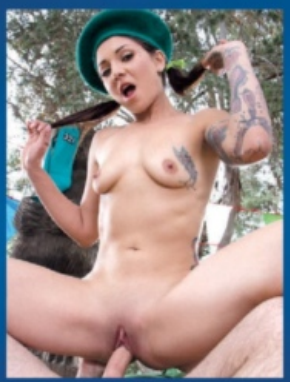
The alleged object of reality-TV star Josh Duggar's lurid lust reveals all in this powerful HUSTLER interview. Find out exactly what went down when duplicitous Duggar purportedly got rough with one of today's hottest XXX starlets—complete with stunningly beautiful, explicit pictures of delicious Danica!

APRIL FOOLISHNESS

Master prankster Felix Clay explores the dark side of pranking and details dastardly jokes-gone-bad. Never fear though. He'll also show you ten (almost) surefire ways to get away with murder on April Fools' Day.

JIZ LEE

The genderqueer porn performer and industry veteran talks to HUSTLER about *Coming Out Like a Porn Star*, an anthology of over 50 accounts, from funny to fucked up, of XXX pros breaking the news to friends, family and lovers.



TALENTED TEENS

These barely legals have more to offer than cookies. They've been busy earning merit badges in reverse cowgirl, doggy, sloppy blowjobs and anal. Plus, they practice the buddy system.

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